

THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

OCTOBER 1, 1807.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN Rome, the proud, the pow'rful, and the strong,
The scourge of nations, and the boast of song,
By sure-corrupting luxury unnerv'd,
From virtuous deeds to vice and folly swerv'd,
Great SATIRE rose! by gen'rous ardour warm'd,
For virtue, peace, and public weal alarm'd;
His brazen bow of mighty strength he strung,
And o'er his back his loaded quiver flung;
Thus nobly clad in terrible array,
He through the vicious empire bent his way;
At each offence his ready dart he aim'd,
At each discharge some hateful monster maim'd;
O'erweening pride soon felt the galling wound,
And lay, unstilted, writhing on the ground;
The host of vices swift before him fled,
And *Impudence* himself hung low his head;
Whatever ruling vice in turn prevail'd,
Dauntless the hideous monster he assail'd;

Whether to crowns or lordly sceptres known,
 It proudly claim'd the palace and the throne ;
 Or with the mean plebeian roll'd along,
 The gaze and idol of the empty throng ;
 Whether in sainted hypocrite's disguise,
 With borrow'd glare it dazzled vulgar eyes ;
 Or with unblushing forehead dar'd display
 Its loathsome nakedness in open day ;
 With irresistible, unerring blow,
 Soon at his feet he laid the demon low.
 Riches nor rank could quench his generous flame,
 Nor turn his arrow from its steady aim ;
 Zealous and constant for the public good,
 Folly and vice relentless he pursued,
 Glorious he march'd, in majesty sublime,
 Expos'd alike the *criminal* and *crime*.

Britain ! my native land ! my well-lov'd home !
 Whose fame transcends the proudest days of Rome,
 In wisdom, wealth, in arts and arms, as far
 As yon bright orb outvies the palest star :
 Fain would the Muse her duty here evade,
 Nor on thy glory cast the slightest shade ;
 Fain would her lips the grateful theme prolong,
 Thy praise alone the burthen of her song :
 But, ah ! it must not be ! Great Truth requires
 That she should quench these dear and grateful fires ;
 And stern Morality indites her lay,
 His voice is sacred, and she must obey.

Britain ! as oft the deadly nightshade grows
 In the same garden with the fragrant rose ;
 So 'midst the virtues which adorn thy state,
 Vice rears her head, and follies vegetate.
 The *hoary profligate*, and *fashion's fool*,
 Ape the curs'd manners of the *modern school* ;

The crafty traitor acts the patriot's part,
And "shouts for *rights* with rapine in his heart."
Blest spirit of reform! * our hearts inspire!
Kindle the glorious patriotic fire!
Assist; direct, and crown the great design;
Choose ev'ry word, and point each piercing line!
An arduous and a mighty task is ours:
Assist us, then, with more than mortal pow'rs.
Help us expiring Decency to save,
And rescue sinking Virtue from the grave!
Folly and Vice, with high unsparing hand,
To scourge, root out, and banish from the land!
Oh come, propitious! *virtuous* SATIRE come!
Knot the dread scourge, and guide it soundly home;
'Till those who boast themselves of British blood,
Prove by their acts, their titles true and good;
'Till from the yoke of Vice and Folly freed,
They shew the world they Britons are indeed!
So shall we not our object fail to gain,
Nor they have reared, nor we have toil'd, in vain.

INTRODUCTION TO POLITICS.

UPON introducing to the notice of the public this province of our Miscellany, some avowal will naturally be expected of the principles upon which we claim its approbation, and solicit its patronage. Impartiality is, we are aware, the usual ground upon which candidates for popular favour build their pretensions, and elevate their hopes of success. Such common-place claims of merit we, however, disdain and reject. The politician who challenges the applause of the world, on the false and hol-

* Moral, not political Reform.

low ground of freedom from partialities, is soon either sinking into vapid insignificance, sneaking into indirect and insidious hostility, or bursting out into outrageous and misanthropic rancour. We cannot boast of having derived any light from the new school of philosophy ; or of having become converts to the ethics of France. We still are so old-fashioned as to love our *kindred* better than our kind ; and, in spite of the refinements of modern feeling, have the boldness to exclaim, " England, with all thy faults, we love thee still."

We proclaim, then, that we have strong *partialities* ; and that we cling stubbornly to our inveterate *prejudices*. We tenaciously adhere to them, however, not from a blind attachment to mere antiquity, but because we know that they are the materials of that great compound of sentiments and feelings which is characterized by the sacred name of country. They rear and support the individual ; and they uphold the state. They are, in truth, the elements, of which the moral world is composed, and by which it is held together. Whoever endeavours, therefore, to weaken their effects, or destroy their existence, is an enemy to the great society of the human race. Whoever is without them may be a *philosopher*, but cannot be a *patriot*. As the character of the former is, however, in our estimation, contemptible from its inutility, and detestable from its tendency to mischief, unless actuated by the feelings of the latter ; we candidly confess that we partake no more of the spirit of philosophy than what teaches us to restrain our partialities, however virtuous, and our prejudices, however patriotic, from exceeding the bounds of sober, just, and rational moderation. We reverence the maxim of ancient wisdom, *omnes virtutes mediocritate quoddam esse moderatas* : for the experience of the world has sanctified its truth.

It must be sufficiently evident, then, that our partialities are entirely and truly British ; and so far from blushing at their existence, or apologising for their influence, we honestly confess that they are those of which *we* do not wish to outlive the extinction. If once the embankments are thrown down, and demolished, which preserve them from being overwhelmed by the flood of new and ruinous principles which the French revolution poured into the world,

London may shine, but England is no more."

— Tunc omne Latinum

Fabula nomen erit.

A prevalence of these homely, but wholesome prejudices, induces us to admire, to love, and to reverence the British constitution, in preference to all the other political fabrics of the earth ; not only because it is composed of those justly balanced principles which the most consummate statesmen* of antiquity admired, and praised even in theory, and wished to enjoy in practice ; not only because, after having been examined, and compared with all the other polities of the world, by the greatest political philosophers who have benefited, and adorned modern times, it has been pronounced matchless and invaluable ; but because we know, and feel, by long experience, that it is the best qualified, of all human establishments, to diffuse rational liberty and general happiness to all those who have the good fortune to live under its shade.

The code of laws which regulate the concerns of this highly favoured country, we believe, we may pronounce, without being accused of any narrow-minded partiality,

* Statuo esse *optimè* constitutam rempublicam, quæ ex tribus generibus illis, regali, optimati, et populari, confusis modicè ; nec puniendo irritet animum immanem ac ferum, nec omnia prætermittendo, licentiâ cives deteriores reddat—Cic. *Ex Frag. de Rep.* Ed. Olivet. Genev. 1758.

the most perfect that has yet been framed by the invention and experience of man.

The national religion which happily prevails, is in its form the most pure, in its character the most unostentatious, and in its spirit the most mild and benevolent, that has been revealed by the kindness of Heaven for the benefit and happiness of man. It more “plainly* and highly exalts that good which is communicative, and depresses the good which is private and particular,” than any of the multifarious systems which have yet visited the earth.

For the Sovereign who rules over these happy isles of freedom (the last asylum of liberty left in the world!) we feel the unfeigned affection that is due to a patriot king. We do not mean to indulge in the eulogy of virtues, which are alike above censure, and above praise: but we must acknowledge, with gratitude, the sollicitude which he has shewn for the prosperity and happiness of his people, and point out to the notice and imitation of other monarchs the temperate use which he has invariably made of the just and salutary prerogatives with which he is armed by the British constitution. Among those high and important prerogatives, that of selecting his own servants is one, which Sedition herself has never presumed to deny, though Faction may have had reason to regret. This valuable prerogative has never, in our opinion, been more justly or more prudently employed, than when it called to the conduct of the government the present ministers, in the room of men who, either by violence, or by stratagem, daringly endeavoured to force upon their Sovereign a measure which was equally repugnant to his own feelings, and injurious to the constitution of the state.

The manner in which the present servants of the crown have employed their power, has been such as we highly

* Lord Bacon.

approve, and if necessary, mean to defend. We conscientiously congratulate our country upon the choice of a constitutional administration by a constitutional king. We anticipate the sneers with which we shall be assailed, and the charge of self interest of which we shall be accused: we notice them, however, merely to observe, that they will be pointed at us in vain; for our “withers” are, and will be “unwrung.” We do not perceive, and cannot recognize, the *equity* of a principle, which would refuse us the privilege of possessing, upon these points, a preference which is claimed by all the various classes of political writers with which this nation abounds; and, as we certainly can with seriousness and sincerity, affirm, with regard to the present ministers *Galba, Otho, Vitellius, nec beneficio, nec injuriâ cogniti*, we are not sensible of the propriety, or justice, with which the accusation of interestedness can apply.

Such are our sentiments. We think them just; and we know them to be useful to the public. As we mean to enforce, and hope to establish them, we shall attack whatever may oppose their success, whether the enemy appear in single files of morning or evening papers, or in the closer columns of weekly registers, or in still stronger bodies of monthly, or more extensive periodical publications: let him be concealed and cased in whatever armour he chooses, besotted ignorance, inveterate malignity, or diabolical falshood.

DEFENCE OF THE BRITISH SYSTEM

OF

MARITIME LAW.

As an opinion has, for some time prevailed, that a confederacy is forming among the states who call themselves

neutrals, at the instigation of France, to force Great Britain to renounce her ancient code of maritime law, it will not be considered, we trust, a waste of time to examine the mutual grounds of justice and of policy which those states may have to demand such an important change, and which this country has to resist it.

The neutrals, it may be easily anticipated, will require us to abolish the right which we have, from time immemorial, exercised, of *searching** *neutral* vessels for enemy's property; and to recognize in its stead the principles which they have frequently endeavoured, in vain, to establish, that *free bottoms make free goods*. They will also contend, no doubt, for an acknowledgment by us of that *freedom of action* which is conferred by their *independence*. The object which they will have in view, in contending for both these principles, is the same. It is *well known to be*, that they may trade *uninterruptedly* with the colonies of belligerents: and this benefit they claim as their natural right.

This claim of free action must be opposed, however, by this country, on the ground that neutrals have *no right* at all to trade with foreign colonies. If such a right indeed could be once bottomed on the abstract ground of *independence*, it would obviously follow, that they might also relieve, if they chose, a place under blockade;

* This practice is, in fact, the real object of the present dispute with America. Though the recent examination of one of their vessels by a British ship of war, for notoriously concealed deserters, is the circumstance which her government has selected to resist, as the best suited to excite the passions of the people, the principle itself is what they will strive to get annulled. As America contends for the *same* rights, upon the same principles, as the European neutrals, the arguments which we shall adopt with respect to them, are obviously applicable equally to her.

or furnish a favourite belligerent with warlike stores ; no one, however, has yet had the insanity to contend for such right, and such acts have ever been pronounced hostile by writers upon public law.

The resistance to this claim of free traffic is known by the name of the *rule of the war of 1756* : and the principle out of which it grows is, that “ neutrals have no right to deliver a belligerent from the pressure of his enemies’ hostilities, by trading with his colonies in time of *war* in a way that was *prohibited* in time of *peace*.” A relaxation of its severity has frequently taken place. The rule was first adopted by *France* ; and has been relaxed, at various times, by that power, *whenever her maritime force was destroyed* ; and by this country, whenever her humanity induced her to modify its provisions. It has never been abandoned, however, by Great Britain ; and it rests upon a right which has never yet been denied, or even doubted, but has been acknowledged by the general policy of Europe, that the trade of colonial settlements is the *exclusive property of the mother* country* to which they belong.

Various arguments in support of the claim of free traffic have certainly been urged by different advocates in the neutral cause. An attempt has recently† been made to defend it, on the principle that “ a neutral shall suffer no prejudice from the war, but shall remain, in point of right, on the same footing as if peace had never been violated.”

* In recompence for the care and expences of protection which, during the infancy of such colony, has always devolved upon the mother country.

† Vide *Edinburgh Review*, No. 15. We regretted to see in a work distinguished frequently for elegance of composition, that the pruriency for attack and contradiction, which too often disgraces its writers, should entirely have got the better of their *patriotism*, and have urged them to protect the assailants of the best rights of their country, by arguments at once weak, absurd, and “ romantic.”

We have no objection to admit the principle : but of what use is it to their cause ? The neutrals themselves do not pretend to any other power of trafficking with *foreign colonies* than what they have obtained by the *permission* of the proprietors. The utmost benefit which *peace* bestowed, was that of *treating* with the sovereign of those colonies for *leave* to trade. Even this privilege, however, was granted only when it suited the interest or the caprice of such proprietor. It cannot consequently be said that they suffer more by the operation of the *war* than a diminution of *privileges*. It is worthy of remark, too, that these very privileges have been always granted by France and her allies, not out of affection to the neutrals, not out of regard to the interests of commerce in general, but merely and actually as a stratagem employed by the weaker belligerent to elude capture by the stronger. That the loss of them is attended with inconvenience, we can easily believe ; but such evils are inseparable from a state of war. They cannot enter into the argument against either of the belligerents, but are applicable only to war itself. They are not certainly to be confounded with *natural rights*. Neutrals may probably thus sustain a loss of *favours* : but they had no *fundamental rights* of this nature to lose. When it is considered, too, that the very act of engaging in such insidious and clandestine trade is a forfeiture of the character of neutrality, it will probably be thought that by thus daring to complain of the restraints which are opposed to their frauds, they add insolence to deceit ; and are entitled to as much commiseration as a smuggler would be, who should bewail the unjust and cruel hardships of excise vigilance and custom-house duties.

Another argument in support of the claim has been advanced by the neutral-defenders, that belligerents have no right to prevent the free traffic of neutrals, unless it can be

shewn, that they are giving *partial aid* to the enemy, and interfering *directly with an existing scheme of hostility*. The first of these cases, as far as it applies to the present dispute, is scarcely worthy a serious reply. It will not gravely be expected, we believe, that we should sit down laboriously to prove, that Denmark, Prussia, and America have, during the whole of the present war, and indeed the last, given a *partial aid* to France. The notoriety of their being the carriers of the *whole* of her colonial produce, under the disguise of their flags, and in the name of their own goods, renders any extraordinary sagacity unnecessary to perceive that they prevented its lawful seizure by us, and consequently afforded *partial aid* to our enemy: the latter position is dexterously put, and deserves a more attentive observation. We are required, it seems, to prove that the neutral trade with the hostile colonies is an *actual* interference with a scheme of direct hostility. In proceeding to this proof we are to remark, first, that it is an indubitable right of a belligerent to possess himself of his enemy's colonies, as of any other of his possessions: and, secondly, that it is admitted, that the principle cannot be disputed, that a "neutral has no right to obstruct a belligerent actually employed in the reduction of his enemies' colonies." Such, then, being the case, we are at a loss to discern for what these advocates are striving. It is well known that the reduction of the enemy's colonies is *one of the principal means* of impairing his strength, and of forcing him to submission: the right to reduce these colonies has never been denied, but the time to exercise the right is certainly our own choice. If, then, at any time during the war, they are visited by any neutral, who furnishes them with supplies, and takes away the produce of their labour, they are, in fact, *relieved* by such neutral. He defeats our object; and interferes as much with the course of our hostili-

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ties, as if he relieved a blockaded place. It is a distinction without a difference. The reason why neutrals are interdicted visiting a blockaded port, is because they might, by the relief they would afford, prevent its submission: the cause of our preventing their uninterrupted trade with the colonies of our enemies, is, that they would hinder their reduction.

A desperate argument indeed, in justification of the claim, has been urged, that “the products of an enemy’s colony may sometimes be such as to be indispensable to the *comfort*, or even to the *existence*, of some other nation.” And we are asked, “if the proprietors are prevented, by war, from exporting them according to their usual colonial regulations, will it be said that the neutral shall be altogether deprived of his necessary supply, because, truly, he cannot now obtain it, without engaging himself in a trade which was not open to him in time of peace?” We can scarcely suppose so extreme a case as the one that is cited; but, admitting its existence, we reply, that whatever colonial produce may be so essentially necessary to any neutral, may be obtained by such neutral from a British port. Our naval superiority, if its course be not impeded by fraud, will soon enable us to capture the colonies of every enemy, so that our ports would be storehouses for the produce of the world: and “mankind would sustain no general loss.” It will not surely be asserted that a neutral, by being obliged to fetch what he may want from us, instead of taking a longer voyage for it to a French colony, will suffer such *evils* as we should, by opening so pernicious a source as that of free traffic. This circumstance of itself decides, in our view, the equity of the question when considered upon a “balance of mutual advantages and disadvantages,” and is, we think, decisive of the justice of the controversy.

But we are aware that it will also be asked, are neutrals

to suffer a loss of their trade, merely because two other states may happen to be at war? We answer, certainly not. The neutral nations may, consistently with their character, trade in the staple commodities of their respective countries, but it can be only by an *exactly equal* and *impartial* commerce, with belligerent powers. If neutrals *staid at home*, and traded even in *warlike stores* (to use the words of Bynkershoek) “*sive instrumenta bellica sint, sive materia per se bello apta,*” their conduct would be irreproachable: provided, however, they delivered them solely to the power who should *fetch them*,* and provided they evinced equal facility and good-will to each belligerent: because they would not deprive either belligerent of the opportunity of *intercepting* the other’s means of assault, and because they would behave with *strict impartiality*. But the moment a neutral state undertakes to *transport* those articles, without which war cannot be conducted, that moment she betrays an *activity* and *zeal* in the service of one or other of the belligerents, and consequently swerves from her neutrality. She forfeits her claims to the character of a neutral and pacific nation. She becomes “an associate” of such belligerent.

The foundation of these pretended rights, then being thus demolished, and the right of resistance to them being thus proved, it is evident that the means and time of enforcing such right are our consideration. The expediency of adopting it, at any particular moment, must obviously depend upon circumstances. The reason why the claim will be strongly urged by the neutrals, and why it must be resisted by us, may readily be conjectured to be the same. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a detail of the catalogue of evils which result from a relaxation of the restrictions to which neutrals have been occasionally

* Vide Vattel, b. iii. c. 7. § 110 and 111.

subject ; but we may briefly observe, that the uninterrupted trade which the neutrals have long been allowed to enjoy, has enabled them to become the carriers of *all* the commerce of *all* our great maritime enemies. The consequence is, that by supplying the colonies of those enemies with all necessaries, they are saved from falling, through distress, into our hands ; and, by transporting their surplus produce to the best markets, under cover of the neutral flag, they have become, notwithstanding the war, far more flourishing than they were even in a period of peace. Thus, notwithstanding our maritime superiority, we are hindered from availing ourselves of the legitimate objects of war ; and though the marine of our united enemies has, by the valour of our seamen, been destroyed, and though “the ocean does not contain a single keel,”* ships of war excepted, which sails under enemies’ colours, the produce of *their colonies* finds its way into the markets of Europe, *whilst we are every where undersold*. Our rightful hostility is thus eluded, the coffers of our enemies filled with what necessarily would fall into our hands,—our commerce is decaying, and the spirit of our seamen wounded by the glaring frauds which prevent their perseverance and courage from receiving their due reward. The barefaced frauds, in truth, which are practised by the Danes and Prussians, and by the Americans, to elude the vigilance of our cruisers, excite equally our surprize and indignation : and call loudly upon the honour of their respective governments to put down, or at least to regulate, a traffic by which they are so disgraced.

Such being the alarming evils to which our country is thus subject, it is now surely necessary to think of the most effectual means of putting a stop to them. Neither

* Vide “War in Disguise :” a pamphlet highly valuable, and deserving, at this crisis, of serious attention.

wisdom nor patriotism, would seriously dissuade us, we believe from taking so necessary a step, merely from a tender contemplation of the inconveniencies that might, by a possible chance, thence result to the inhabitants of China or Japan.

The readiest means of detecting these frauds, and of obviating these evils, are a strict employment of the right of search, and a rigorous enforcement of the rule of the war of 1756.

With respect to the first of these safeguards, the right of searching neutral trading vessels for enemies' property, we expect that it will be resisted on the ground of its being an act of aggression, and that it will be repelled when such vessels are under convoy, on the score of its being an insult to the state by which the convoy was appointed. It is contended that, as the flag of a ship represents the sovereignty of a state, any insult offered to that is an indignity to such state, and a violation of her rights of independence.

As to the first of these positions, that examination of vessels is a violation of national independence, we admit that *abstractedly* considered, the argument is certainly cogent; but we are to remind our opponents, that this, like other abstractions which the taste of modern speculation has unfortunately rendered so fashionable, will be found upon trial, to be practical inanity; since unless they can prove that these neutrals have invariably abstained from all *prejudicial* * *intercourse with belligerent states*, and have *uniformly maintained their character of neutrality*, their appeal to this abstract right is irrelevant and useless. The futility of viewing the question in this light

* Eorum qui a bello abinent officium est *nihil facere*, quo validior fiat is qui improbam fovet causam; aut quo justum bellum gerentis motus impediatur.—Grot. l. iii, cap. 17. § 3.

is, indeed, evident from this reflection alone; that abstractedly considered, the case never would have occurred. For if no grievance existed, caution and redress never would have been heard of. They would be of no service. The very claim itself, in fact, proves the evil. The noxious breath of pestilence must have spread destruction among the human race, before the wholesome practice of quarantine was adopted. The application of the remedy proves, therefore, the pre-existence of the evil; and the existence of the evil demonstrates the impropriety and injustice of regarding its author as a pure and unoffending character. Thus absurd, then, is the attempt to try a question by a standard absolutely foreign to its nature.

The second position, that examination of vessels under convoy is an insult to the flag of the state, is, we must confess, specious in appearance, and well calculated to delude. It will be soon seen, however, upon close examination, that they are both precisely of the same nature; for as merchant-vessels are under the protection of the government to which they belong, any unjust violence committed towards them is undeniably as much an insult to that country, as if it had been shewn to the flag which represents her sovereignty. If, therefore, we have *no right* to search, by force, a vessel of the state, we certainly can have *no right* to detain a merchant-ship, merely because it may happen to be less able to defend itself; and *vice versa*, if we have a right to search at all for enemy's property, it seems downright absurdity to suppose that such right is annulled, merely because the property is under the protection of a *different kind* of ship belonging to the *same power*. This would be, indeed, to mistake sound for sense, and words for things.

But what opinion shall we entertain of the claim of these states to the inviolate respect which is paid to strictly neu-

tral powers, when we call to our recollection (what is known to all Europe), that, during the whole period of warfare which followed the French revolution, they not only clandestinely recruited the colonies of our various enemies, and fraudulently supplied the mother countries with their different produce, but actually *furnished our enemies with warlike stores*. They are justly to be considered, indeed, as far as they have acted, as enemies.* Thus stands the case: the robbery is discovered, the thief is traced, and when an attempt is made to search his house, on suspicion of its containing stolen goods, he resists it on the plea of its being an insult to the dignity of an honest and irreproachable character. Such may be the notions of justice entertained by smugglers and by pirates; and such may be the ethics which the new school of philosophy and politics in France may have prepared for her disciplined bands of robbers by system, and assassins by profession; but I still indulge a hope, that among the enlightened of our country they will not make many converts.

That the intercourse of civilized nations should be regulated by principles of mutual justice, is a position upon which no difference of opinion can possibly arise. But it is insolent mockery of an august and venerable virtue to affirm, that she allows any nation to pour out lamentations, unless she clearly suffers more grievous, and less deserved injuries, than the state against whom she makes the complaint. Should it appear that her crocodile tears are shed, merely because another nation refuses to sign her own death-warrant, her audacity in attempting to disguise her nefarious project with the veil of justice, should excite only indignation and abhorrence. Let us compare, then,

* "*Verum est dictum Amalasuinthæ ad Justinianum,*" says Grotius, "*in hostium esse partibus qui ad bellum necessaria hosti administrat.*"
—De Bel. ac. Pac. l. iii. c. 1. § 5.

the *national benefit* which our northern and transatlantic enemies could reap from our renunciation of our ancient claim, with the *injury* which this country would inevitably endure by such a step; it is really too staring to require serious argument which side will preponderate. Let us also place the quantum of injury which the neutral nations sustain, from our exercise of the right, against the quantum of injury which Great Britain must necessarily suffer from an abandonment of it; the preponderance again on our side will instantly be seen.

When we consider, then, that the *object* and *utility* of the neutral claim to exemption from search is evidently to carry on, without interruption, *illicit commerce*, and to have more readily the means of stabbing this country in her most vital part, and that the sole benefit which Great Britain derives from resisting the claim is to prevent the injury, it would really be insanity to deny that the purest and most natural justice sanctions the conduct of our country.

Let us not, then, suffer our eyes to be dazzled, or our senses deceived, by the delusive meteor of false reasoning. The true state of the question, when stripped of its meretricious ornaments, is, in fact, simply this:—the frauds are discovered—the smugglers are known; and the sole question that arises is this—Does either reason, or policy, or justice, command us voluntarily to resign the real palladium of our existence as a maritime and independent nation; and thus present them with the addition to the means with which they have already most unprovokedly wounded us, and by which they will be able, not merely to impair our prosperity, and diminish our security, but absolutely to complete our political destruction? Let us repel, then, with indignation, the frivolous sophistry by which the justice of our right is attempted to be disproved.

Let us tear from fraud the mantle of honesty in which she has so audaciously clothed herself. Let us no longer suffer the daughter of heaven, and the queen of virtues, to be blasphemed by being called a defender and patroness of treachery, of robbery, and of rapine. Justice to ourselves, and the clear, unerring, and eternal law of self-preservation, authorize and urge us to prevent a course of conduct so injurious and destructive to our nearest and dearest interests.

Thus stands our right of search when resting on the basis of natural justice.

Let it not be imagined, however, because a confederacy may, in blind obedience to the imperious and interested wishes of France, rise in resistance to our fundamental right, that the right itself is new. No : far from it. It can boast an antiquity as high as the æra of the illustrious Alfred ; an antiquity which, were we disposed to rest on this ground alone, we might affirm, amounted, according to the well-known maxim of jurisprudence, *vetustas pro lege semper habetur*, to indisputable legitimacy. But we bend our flight to firmer rocks ; and content ourselves with observing, in refutation of any misconceived opinion of recent extraction, that our right of search has been invariably claimed as indefeasible, by all the best and wisest statesmen who have adorned and benefited this country ; by all the most upright administrations which have been entrusted with her interests, during a long course of successive ages : and that the principle, upon which it is founded, has been uniformly held and maintained in our courts of judicature, as a most valuable feature in the system of our maritime law. Nor is it, in truth, by this nation alone that the right of search has been claimed. It has been exercised actually by *Sweden*, in her hostilities with *Russia* : it has been employed by *Russia* also ; and

by France herself, notwithstanding her recent clamours about the freedom of the seas. It is justified, in fact, by the long-established usages of civilized Europe ; by usages not arising out of the adventitious and capricious circumstances of *superior strength*, but founded on the sound and equitable basis of the law of nations.*

* “ We cannot prevent the conveyance of contraband goods, without searching neutral vessels that we meet at sea ; *we have therefore a RIGHT to search them.*”—“ A neutral ship refusing to be searched, would, from that proceeding alone, be condemned as a *lawful prize.*”—Vattel’s Law of Nations, b. iii. c. 7. § 114. “ Sed neque amicorum naves in *prædam* veniunt ob res hostiles,” say Grotius, “ *nisi ex consensu id factum sit dominorum navis.*” He strengthens this opinion by an example which, from the manner in which it is introduced, and from his not censuring the conduct it illustrates, he may fairly be said implicitly to justify : “ *Sic bello Venetorum cum Genuensibus PERTENTATÆ Græcorum naves et extracti si qui hostium laterent.*—Grot. de. Bel ac Pac. l. iii. c. 6. § 6. Could the upright mind of Grotius have anticipated that it was likely that any state would have the effrontery to carry on the most treacherous traffic under the disguise of honesty and honour, he would, doubtless, have specified the law as it applied to such miscalled neutral states : but if we adopt the rule which is generally observed in polite letters, of deciding, as we may *from analogy* suppose the authority we revere would have decided, had he been exactly in the same situation as ourselves, we obviously must perceive that, if Grotius allows that we have a *right* to capture *enemy’s goods*, and even the *ships* that carry them, *though they belong to a FRIEND*, in case he *knowingly* and *willingly* carries such goods, he would declare that this right exists, with tenfold greater force, when exercised towards *powers detected* in prosecuting *clandestine* and *injurious commerce*.

The legality of *search*, then, is by a necessary and inevitable consequence, implied in the principal and fundamental right, it being merely the indispensable and sole *instrument* of its execution. Indeed this right is abundantly, though indirectly, and probably unintentionally, avowed by the neutrals themselves, since they acknowledge our right to seize and to confiscate *contraband* goods. How proscribed goods are to be confiscated unless they are discovered, and how they are to be discovered unless they are searched for, we have not sagacity to ima

Thus manifest then, in spite of the outrageous abuse which has been shamefully poured out against our claim, as the rude offspring of arbitrary strength, is the justice of our right of search. It rests safe and immoveable; uninjured by the arts of subtle sophistry; unshaken by the blasts of foul and malicious calumny.

The sole question that arises, then, is that of expediency; and, in contemplating this, we are to consider, first, the *importance* of the right itself; and, secondly, our *means* of asserting it.

Upon the first of these considerations, after what has been already observed, it seems unnecessary to dwell longer than briefly to remark, that the importance of the claim must strike us, from the reflection that not only the commercial greatness, but the safety and very existence of Great Britain, as an independent nation, depend upon her maritime ascendancy; and that nothing can so effectually, and so speedily, destroy this glorious ægis, as the assistance which rival and hostile maritime states would reap from the labours of intriguing powers, who, under the *mask of neutrality*, would, if suffered to carry on free and undisturbed navigation to the coasts, and to the ports of *belligerent* nations, be able, whenever they chose, clandestinely to carry naval stores, and recruit the strength of

gine. To acknowledge that the end is just, and yet deny the justice of employing the *only means* of attaining it is, a preposterous contradiction. It is certainly the hardest enterprize that the heroism of paradox ever dared to encounter. Had Grotius imagined it impossible that doubts could arise on so clear and obvious a subject, he would probably have dwelt upon it with more minuteness of detail, and more studied precision; but it little occurred to that great practical statesman, that a set of theorists would have had the ingenuity to discover, and the boldness to avow, that the end can be obtained though the means be refused, and that an effect can take place though the cause be withdrawn.

our different enemies, and thus aid them in the conquest of our country, and the annihilation of her independence.

We are aware, however, that it may be alleged by those advocates who so strenuously and virtuously exert themselves

“ To explain their country's dear-bought rights away,

“ And plead for smugglers in the face of day,”*

that there is no longer reason to fear that exemption from search will enable the enemies of Great Britain to repair their naval forces, as the hostile league will expressly stipulate to relinquish their trade in contraband goods, the nature of which (say they) can no longer be disputed, as they may be distinctly particularized. A moment's reflection, however, will be both sufficient to shew the danger of placing dependence upon such frail securities, and to enable us to detect their desire of entangling the subject in the mazes of technical sophistry, the more easily to delude the superficial, and entrap the incautious. For it is to be recollected, that the very *reason* why an article is called contraband, and why it is prohibited, is because it is *essentially beneficial* to the state which receives it, and consequently aids it in its conflict with its antagonist; it necessarily follows, therefore, that whatever is † *useful* in war

* Dr. Johnson's poem of London.

† The obvious impossibility of binding, by a minute and precise definition, which is to remain fixed and unalterable, amid the multifarious vicissitudes, and perpetually fluctuating circumstances, of war,—a thing which is in its own nature mutable, and the slave of the most versatile contingency,—induces us to think it safer, and more correct, to characterize it by this general term. The history of modern warfare amply proves, indeed, that articles not *usually prohibited*, such as corn, provisions, and things of a *double* and *doubtful* nature, may, by the *occurrences* of war, become *strictly contraband*, both by the authority of the law of nature and of nations, and the dictates of the

whatever strengthens and improves the *warlike condition* of the state with which we are at war, so far increases its means of injuring us, and is, therefore, in reality, and in strict sense, to be denominated and considered *contraband*. Resting upon this solid principle, we may reject, with disdain, the treacherous guides which are appointed to allure us to the gulf of destruction.

With regard to the second point, the *means* which this country possesses of enforcing her claims, we might indulge ourselves, if our limits would permit, in a proud and splendid display of the variety and magnitude of the warlike forces which pre-eminently distinguish this “seat of Mars.” We shall, however, only briefly observe, that possessed as we are of an army which has followed and sought the enemy in every quarter of the globe, and constantly conquered wherever it has met them, and covered itself with laurels; and glorying, as we can, and ought, in a navy which consists in nearly 800* ships—a navy, which has, during the present war, adorned itself with the trophies of nearly 300 hostile vessels, and which is manned by heroes who have carried the unrivalled glory of the British name as far as waves can bear, or winds can waft

plainest reason. Those who are acquainted with the different treaties which have been framed to bind the several states composing the great commonwealth of Europe, well know the absurdity of attempting to confine that which is, by its very essence, as it were, evanescent and untangible, and which consequently scorns the fetters of rigorous definition. The *nature and actual circumstances* of the war can alone decide what is contraband of war. It is therefore evidently impracticable and presumptuous to assert beforehand what may, or what may not, be, in every possible circumstance, contraband wares: and the danger and folly of wantonly exposing ourselves to an enemy, when confined only by a parchment chain, must be evident.

* Nearly 600 are at this moment at sea.

them, it is utterly impossible that a doubt can exist in any mind, that our peerless empire, the admiration and the envy, because the pride, the glory, and the great and impregnable citadel of freedom and of the civilized world, can ever want the ability either to protect or maintain her best rights, built as they are in the most clear and commanding justice, or to accomplish any enterprize which may be founded on her usual basis of sound and enlightened policy.

After this view of the importance of our right, and of our power to enforce it, common sense would naturally ask what reason can dissuade us from calling it directly into action? The zealous advocates in the neutral cause, however, have found one which naturally deserves attention and respect. It is announced, indeed, in triumph, as “decisive of the whole controversy.” “We are not,” they say, “to annoy our enemy, by interfering with their freedom of trade, from a regard to the neutrals, for whose joint profit it is carried on, and whose interest in its continuance is more considerable, and more favoured in the eyes of the great confederation of nations, than our interest in its suppression.” After the experience which this country has already unhappily had of the vital evils which result from the frauds of these miscalled neutrals, we are inclined to consider the humanity misplaced and insane, that would coax her quietly to put up with them, rather than disturb the mild progress of the mischievous trade, either out of fondness for our enemies, or regard for the robbers who call themselves neutrals. Our intellectual optics do not enable us to perceive that “*their interest in the continuation*” of a traffic which produces only temporary profit, is more considerable than *our interest* in the suppression of a fraudulent trade, which is rapidly undermining our own com-

merce, and must finally ruin our navy. That it may be more considerable in the eyes of the great confederation of nations, who are envious of our freedom and jealous of our power, we can just think possible; but *our* benevolence is not of that bastard breed which would lead us to prefer the rights and interests of other countries to those of our own; and *our* philanthropy has not been sufficiently refined by Gallic principles, either to confound a fraudulent smuggler with a lawful and "pacific trader," or to waste our lamentations over the frailty and imperfections of human nature, which will not allow, in the tempestuous season of war, maritime trade to be as calm and undisturbed as during the halcyon period of peace. A better defence of the conduct of our country cannot indeed be found, than what is furnished, with some inconsistency we confess, by the neutral apologists. "While France continues to capture our merchantmen, we must make reprisals upon hers; and while she seizes upon the private property of our traders wherever she can find it, we must, of necessity, follow her example; while the present system of maritime warfare continues, no other course can be adopted." That "this system" is likely long to continue, we cannot but seriously believe. Not being gifted with the precious blessing of the *second-sight*, we can only envy the Scottish advocates of the neutral nations the glorious visions in which their philanthropic minds have been so deliciously rapt. *We* are unable to penetrate the thickness of futurity, to gaze at the vast improvement, not to say pure perfection, which is approaching to regulate maritime warfare. We easily imagine the happiness which these prosperous predictions will create in the pure and peaceful bosoms of Ali Buonaparte, and the pious ex-prelate of Autun; and we readily believe that the whole sisterhood of neutrals,

overjoyed by the glad and glorious tidings, will naturally strain every nerve to accelerate the arrival of such a golden age. Till it shall arrive, however, and till the happy moment when our implacable and unprincipled enemy, together with his royal vassals and his hordes of base and cowardly slaves, shall be converted to real christianity by the revelation of the Caledonian apostles of peace and good-will, we heartily implore our ministers never to surrender into their hands the only weapons by which they can slay the independence of our country, and reduce us to the most brutal and scourging slavery. We exhort them never to resign the exercise of a right which is allowed by the maritime law of Europe to all belligerent states, notwithstanding the entreaties or threats of all the neutral nations of the world, notwithstanding even the terrors of an American torpedo, merely because such right happens to be of infinitely greater importance to this country than to any other; and because this is, in fact, the very crisis when, from vile and injurious frauds which have been detected, and from the stupendous dangers which surround us, it is become of indescribable and indispensable necessity. We know too well the zeal of their patriotism, to be under any apprehension that they will thus destroy for ever the splendid and inestimable services of our army and our navy, which have elevated the martial glory of Great Britain to a more towering height than the proudest annals of either ancient or modern times can exhibit. *They* are not the men, we must confess, who we expect will thus *murder the dauntless mind* of this great and glorious country. What should be done by us, in addition to the adoption of these protecting remedies, to meet and match the unparalleled system of warfare which the malignant and incurable hostility of the tyrant of Eu-

rope has established, it would be presumption in us to dictate. We leave, with the most perfect confidence, such considerations, together with our interests, to those who not only have better qualifications, but, from standing on higher ground, have a wider prospect before them. But we cannot but confess, that since the despot is determined at once to exclude our manufactures from every port of the continent, and to deprive us of all interference in its concerns, and since every nation is ignominiously bowing to his nod, we should rejoice to find Great Britain, instead of relaxing the rigour of her maritime law, blockade every port and harbour of France, her open allies, and secret associates. As we are to be shut out of the continent; *they* should be locked out of the ocean. As not one of our manufactures is to be admitted upon the continent; not a *single vessel*, or even *boat*, should be permitted to come out of their ports that did not carry the flag of Great Britain, or of her allies. We should then see which would suffer most—Great Britain by a stagnation of her export trade, or the nations of the continent by a deprivation of manufactures which are actually essential to their existence. We should then see the principle of attraction, by which France has kept her allies, crumble into dust, and those allies cringe to this country as the sole friend and guardian of real national independence. The justice of the case would be found in the example, and its policy would be warranted by its necessity.

— Nec lex est justior ulla

Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

THE SERPENT AND FRANKO.

A FRAGMENT.

“ Out of my sight, thou SERPENT ; that name best
 Befits thee, with him leagued : thyself as false
 And hateful, nothing wants, but that thy shape
 Like his, and colour serpentine, may shew
 Thy inward frame, to warn all creatures from thee.”

MILTON, book x. v. 167.

* * * *

THE verdure of the neighb'ring heath
 Seem'd blasted by his baleful breath,
 And hemlock and the deadly yew
 Alone preserv'd their pristine hue.
 The colour of the reptile's back
 Appear'd as if it had been black ;
 But, like his sides and belly, grown,
 Through age and filth, a rusty brown :
 His sunken eyes were fiery red,
 And badger-grey his palsied head.
 Though toothless, he oft strove to bite,
 Gnashing his gums with furious spite ;
 And still the pois'nous slaver hung,
 Like mildew on his loathsome tongue.

Once on a time, no matter when,
 A thoughtless stripling pass'd his den ;
 Whom, merely for distinction's sake,
 We'll christen Franko. Still awake,
 The monster saw with savage joy,
 And thus address'd the heedless boy :—
 (For when they are on mischief bent,
Such snakes are wondrous eloquent.)
 “ Good morning, friend ! But where so fast ?
 Stop, and partake of my repast ;

Believe me, you have nought to fear,
I am the only tenant here."

Young Franko, starting with surprise,
Gaz'd on the wretch with fearful eyes :
He knew not if to run or stand—
The reptile fawn'd, and lick'd his hand,
Swearing that he admir'd him more
Than ever he had man before.

Alas! the in experienc'd youth
Mistook this flattery for truth ;
And, without further trepidation,
Enter'd the monster's habitation.

On ev'ry side, the sculptur'd wall
Pourtray'd some royal victim's fall ;
Great CÆSAR's mangled body bled
Near murder'd STUART's trunkless head ;
Gustavus here seem'd recent from
The trait'rous wound of ANKERSTROM ;
And pictur'd there the scaffold stood
Reeking with royal CAPET's blood.

Franko, who *then* could rev'rence kings,
Ask'd why he chose such horrid things,
As subjects for the sculptor's art,
Vowing they pain'd his very heart.
" Hold !" quoth the monster, " dost not know
That I am ev'ry monarch's foe,
And that my inmost soul delights
To contemplate such *glorious* sights ?
Thou too, since thou hast seen my den,
Shalt think no more like vulgar men ;
I'll make thee champion of the nation ;
Prepare then for regeneration."

He said ; nor waited for reply,
Lest Franko should attempt to fly ;

But seiz'd the youth in strong embrace,
 And smear'd with noxious slime his face.
 Swiftly through ev'ry throbbing vein
 The subtle poison sought his brain ;
 And from that moment reason fled
 The tenement of Franko's head.
 Loyal no more, he curs'd all laws,
 And vow'd he'd serve the serpent's cause ;
 Swearing that ministers and k—ngs
 Were odious, vile, and useless things.

“Now,” cried the monster, “I'm your friend ;
 I've gain'd, thank Belzebub, my end.
 I can perceive that, soon or later,
 You'll make a very thriving ——r ;
 Just such a one I want, to spread
 The mischiefs gendered in my head :
 You must attend my Sunday feast,
 When Despard, B—s—ll, parson E——,
 And others of my chosen few,
 Shall all be introduc'd to you.—
 But hark-ye, Franko : I am told,
 That you have plenteous store of gold.
 You, therefore, as a *thing* of course,
 Must let me draw upon your purse ;
 And as you are henceforth to feast
 With me, once ev'ry week, at least,
 You must contribute to my stock
 Of Burgundy, Champagne, and hock ;
 My *worthy* friend of Welbeck-street
 Provides fish, fowl, and butcher's meat ;
 And, being generous to a fault,
 I find myself—the bread and salt.”

The victim of infatuation,
 Franko perform'd each stipulation ;

And thenceforth ate his sabbath-dinners
 Amidst re- "*publicans and sinners*,"
 Who on all civil virtues trod,
 Who curs'd their k—ng, blasphem'd their G—d;
 Hail'd what they term'd "*the age of reason*,"
 And gloried in the deeds of treason.
 Justice at length unsheath'd her sword,
 And dragg'd one traitor from their board;
 Murder sent forth a horrid yell,
 And Treason shriek'd—for DESPARD fell.

Franko was horror-struck to see
 His friend upon the fatal tree;
 But who can paint his inward dread,
 When on the fresh-dissever'd head,
 A *boding* look he wildly cast,
 Still feeling *if his own were fast*?
 Repentance, meek-ey'd virgin, then
 Warn'd him to shun the serpent's den;
 And though he drove her from his breast,
 She left these mystic words imprest:
 "Franko, remember Despard's fate,
 And think—I may return too late;
 Then thou'lt in vain for succour look,
 And curse that SERPENT *****."

MORMONIA.

THE following Letters have been received at the office of the SATIRIST, giving an account of an hitherto undiscovered island. A promise accompanies the commencement of the correspondence, assuring the Conductors that it will be regularly continued every month till the extent, population, laws, manners, and customs of the inhabitants, shall have been entirely described. We lay them before our read-

ers, not vouching at all for the truth of their contents. The letter, NUMBER I. was received, enclosed in the following envelope :

MR. SATIRIST,

London, Sept. 18, 1807.

I take up my pen with a sort of tremulous sensation I can hardly define ; and the circumstance of my becoming a *published* author, bad as it is to a sensible mind, is heightened by a recollection why I so commit myself. Now what do you imagine me to be, or what the purport of my correspondence ? Eh, Mr. Satirist, you have not found me out yet : now will I let you into my history. I am, sir, by trade an ironmonger ; and a very good trade it is, give me leave to say. I am, thank Heaven, nearly independent as to fortune, perfectly so as to spirit, and pleasantly situated as to shop. I am neither ashamed nor afraid of any man ; for I have always done my duty, loved my King, and voted against Burdett whenever I had a voice, and a man who can say that need never fear a reproach.

Now you will say, where did this man pick up these principles ? I'll answer you : from my father, God bless him : he's dead now ; but he was, when alive, one of the best-hearted ugly little men upon earth, and I am very like him. Why, do you know, Mr. Satirist, he wasn't more than three feet five inches high ; they only charged three feet nine for him when I paid the undertaker's bill who buried him. His arms were so long, and his ears so large, that the people used to call him the *ouran outang* ; but he had a good heart, and that, my masters, is far better than a fair outside, and a dark inside. Don't you think it is ?

Well, but now I must tell you. He generally, of an afternoon, used to give us what he called wholesome correction, but what we thought unpleasant severity : in good

truth, he used daily to flog my poor brother Malachi Brownrigg with a cane as thick as my—I was going to say my leg, but I'm obliged to be deuced cautious with you gentlemen cutters-up—a cane as thick as my little finger ; and he laid about him so, that he put poor Mal on to being revenged : and now I'll shew you how he was so. My mother had been dead fourteen years, and had been a whole *transportation*-time in heaven ; and my father still went on making his gridirons and frying-pans ; and one day while he was joining a cradle-spit for some of his customers, something, by an odd concatenation, struck him, that he wanted a wife. Whether it was the cradle, or the spit that reminded him of his wants, I know not ; but away he went, next Sunday, to Mr. Hammond, a tallow-chandler of our acquaintance ; whips him on his tight black satin small-clothes, and makes love to Fanny Hammond, who for five months had been down at Maidenhead with a young lieutenant of dragoons, for three weeks before her papa or mamma found her out. Now my father was a great reasoner, and his argument was—Nobody else will marry this girl, ergo, she'll be glad of me. Right, right, by the god Hymen. Fanny Hammond made the old gentleman believe she was in love with him, and she became Mrs. Brownrigg on the 11th of July, 1791. Hot weather for a wedding : thermometer 86. I remember that night well.

Now, Mr. Satirist, comes the business. My brother Malachi was apprenticed to a stocking and garter maker ; but in a short time after my young mischievous mamma came home, he got very often quite above his business, so that there was no bearing it ; and dad, who was the cunningest old codger alive, smelling a rat, took a cottage, with a brass knocker, on the Hammersmith road, whither he dispatched the young and accomplished Mrs. Brownrigg, to

rusticate, near the four mile stone in the midst of cabbage carts, flying dust, long coaches, and cockney travelling.

Now came papa's mishaps. One night he left home for the cottage: he knock'd; went in. Where's Mrs. Brownrigg; Gone, sir.—Where? Don't know, sir.—How? In a post-chaise. *She was off again*: and my father split on his own rock. He thought one slip would save her: but no; she remembered the captain. Comparisons are odious.

“*Sic magnis componere parva solebat,*”

as they say at school: she took flight, and it was all owing to this, that my brother has furnished me with his letters and discoveries: for my sire, coming home unexpectedly, caught poor Malachi trying on garters in the back parlour; and not being in the best humour, though he had got rid of his wife, he took poor brother and pushed him into the street, desiring never more to see his face again. Malachi is very proud, and always was so, and he would have died rather than have returned. He sought out a great patron of my father's, Captain D——. This captain was a real gentleman, and wore spectacles; and he no sooner heard of all the circumstances, than he told my brother, that if he chose to go out with him he should. He jumped at it, as the saying is; and dearly he paid for it, it seems.

The ship was lost at sea, and, as we thought, every soul perished. My father heard the news, broke his heart, and left me his business. My mother-in-law is now the famous Lady Brilliant; and when I see her in her barouche and four, I can hardly help exclaiming, What a world we live in!

About a fortnight ago, as I was sitting at home, a letter came, directed to me; and I perceived my brother's hand-

writing. I knew it again in a minute: he's alive, in *Mormonia*. You never heard of that place. His letters will describe it: you shall have one every month. I have not sent you the account of his shipwreck, as it is mixed with private matters no way interesting, but have begun with his account of the place and people. So now, Mr. Satirist, that I have told you why I have written, permit me to subscribe myself,

Your very humble servant,

AMINIDAB BROWNRIGG,
though no quaker.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR BROTHER, *Mormonia, Dec. 28, 1806.*

After having, in the sheet which incloses this, given you an account of my arrival here, and the accidents which occasioned it, I shall pass over a variety of uninteresting events, and proceed simply to give you a regular description of this island, its extent, population, manners, &c.

The kingdom of *Mormonia* lies between 81 and 89 degrees of north latitude, and between 74 and 77 degrees east longitude, from the meridian of Greenwich. Here then am I placed, at least by my best calculations; for in no map or chart in my possession can I discover that this island is set down. Never did I hear of it till I became an inhabitant, nor ever did I conceive such scenes possible to be acted, as those which are daily practised here.

It has escaped, I believe, all voyagers, even *Cook* himself. *Solander* never placed it in his botanical pursuits; nor did that *sun* of *Soho*, *Butterfly* *Bankes*, ever chase his game over its hills, or through its valleys. *Mungo Park* doesn't mention it; nor has *Carr*, your English tourist, at any time been a *stranger* in its provinces.

The inhabitants declare, that till I arrived, they never beheld so extraordinary a creature : for their manners are more cautious than ours ; and they assert, that till they heard me speak, they were altogether ignorant that such a language as the English existed ; upon comparison, however, they found it bore a strong analogy to the Mormonian.

The country, in general, is rich and fertile. The extent of the kingdom, including an adjoining state under the same government, is about 7 or 800 miles in length, and its width somewhere about 200 miles : their miles here are eight furlongs, the same as in England ; and indeed almost all their *measures* are similar to ours.

This northern country is certainly labouring under the influence of strong prejudice ; but there are good characters in all places ; and the worst that can be said of North Mormonia is, that there are fewer good men come from it than from any other part of the kingdom.*

One of their greatest statesmen was born here, and in consequence of that only, he was universally supposed to have been a speculator : but the laws of his country, and his own peers, honourably acquitted him of charges brought forward by weak-headed oppositionists and crazy brewers (a set of opulent, though ignorant, men here), merely as a party question, not to determine on the rights or the wrongs of their fellow countrymen, but to worry and harass the friends of a minister they envied and feared, and who never thought it worth his while to notice their folly, or revenge their insults.

* We agree with *Malachi* that there are good characters in all places, but cannot help thinking that he may have himself imbibed some strong and unjust prejudices against the North Mormonians.—E.

By the way, this nation in the north is famous for one disorder, (constitutional, I mean); but no matter, that is a subject I shall treat of in the *natural history* of the province.

The name of this island is derived from the Greek,* I fancy *Μορμω*, from a singular custom the natives have of wearing masks, whenever they transact any business of consequence. The custom is not so general in the more remote parts, but in all cities and towns the use of these disguises is nearly general.

The tradesman who wishes to obtain your custom, on your application to him, immediately puts on his vizard, and taking you into his warehouse, assures you that his commodities are infinitely superior to those of any other dealer.

Then the divine, after the most riotous excesses, after the vilest debaucheries, and the most profane conduct, assumes his mask, ascends his pulpit, and preaches forth temperance, sobriety, and chastity.

Thus it is that the poor Mormonians are cheated. They are very easily led astray: for a noisy young foolish fellow, with a long nose and a weak head, has been prompted by an old arch-devil to talk nonsense to them about imprisonments and tyranny, liberty and the rights of man, till they believe the empty orator has *even* common sense, instead of beholding him as an upstart, who would, for the sake of notoriety, overturn his country, and destroy the constitution, to have his name celebrated as *any thing*.

Again, at elections for officers to serve in their senate, no sooner does the candidate appear before his constituents, than he immediately, with the greatest nonchalance, whips on his mask, and appears so amiable, so de-

* Surely the Mormonians were wholly unknown to the ancient Greeks.—E.

serving, and so independent, that they catch at the illusion, and make the man ; when, to their great astonishment, he finds it unpleasant to remain masked any longer, and withdrawing the flimsy curtain, displays his character in colours that both terrify and surprise the very people who, while ignorant of his real appearance, idolized him, and elected him to be their guardian and advocate.

Some of these election masks are made of gold, and are so contrived, as to be put into the pocket of the candidate ; but their use is prohibited by an act of the legislature, so that whenever they are used, it is only in select parties, and in the most private manner.

In the court of justice a pleader always appears in one of these concealments ; and so well are the distortions of countenance contrived, that they make his employers believe him a Cicero. He begins by abusing his dearest friend, who no sooner hears the attack, than assuming a similar character, he turns his *learned* brother into the most abject ridicule, to the no small amusement of the auditors, who imagine these sharp-witted Stentors to be in actual warfare against each other, while their terrific blows fall only on the shoulders of the unfortunate object who happens to get between them.

The judges too wear masks, oddly shaped, it is true, and calculated to inspire awe, but under a rough outside is concealed a casket, containing unsophisticated wisdom, moderation, justice, philanthropy, and mercy.

The senators use the same style of covering ; and were you to witness the debates here, I have no doubt but you would imagine that the orators who were bellowing forth bombast by the hour together, were doing it, not from a desire to become popular, but out of real patriotism, and a love of their country. Here you would be mistaken ; for as the mask conceals the face, so it alters the voice ; and

when these grave orators retire from this august assembly, and remove their external gravity, it is no uncommon sight to behold two of the most inveterate opponents gaming or getting drunk together with the greatest sociability imaginable, and that too while the words "*honour*," "*duty*," "*difficulty of rising*," are wet upon their lips; so that, in fact, you can have no dependance upon any thing you see or hear.

Fronti nulla fides!!!"

However, dear Aminidab, in spite of this fear of deception, I have ventured to encourage a sentiment I have long felt rising in my breast. A young girl here, with the most bewitching blue eyes and flowing hair, has won my heart completely; and though you may remember I am not so young as I was that night when my poor father caught me in our back parlour playing tricks, yet she seems as if she *could*, aye, as if she *did*, love me. You know I was always partial to the style of female dress in England: here I am absolutely made-miserable; for, would you believe, instead of the flowing drapery I remember in London, the girls here wear only one petticoat, so that in the air you can trace the whole outline of their figure; and besides, they have the drollest custom among them you can conceive, for instead of carrying their money and pocket-handkerchief in their pockets as you do, they have little fantastical bags on their arms, in which they place their cash, while (it's a fact, upon my honour) they sew their handkerchiefs to their waist. This an Englishwoman will hardly believe; and I am sure if such a custom was to be attempted among my countrywomen, they would laugh at it, and treat it with the contempt it deserves. The men dress plainer than they do in England; and it is very difficult to distinguish a

great man from his groom, or a noble lord from his valet-de-chambre, except indeed that the latter is generally the more polished of the two.

Here are one or two detestable fellows who paint their cheeks, but they only serve as a laughing-stock for the rational part of the community, who, to do them justice, are as averse to feminine folly in men, as they are to masculine manners in women.

In my next I shall tell you something of their politics, which make me shudder : so unlike the modes of our glorious Pitt, their measures are conducted by a little dancing minister,* whose wit lies in his heels, and whose sole accomplishment is that of figuring in, or cutting capers at a lady's ball. However, he is among the number of a set of men who are just now endeavouring to agitate a question on which there can be no doubt, and which, if pushed to its extent, will overturn the present flimsy administration, and bring into power men who, by superior knowledge and experience, have their monarch's love, and their fellow-countrymen's confidence.

For the present, my dear Aminidab, I shall take my leave. I shall send you a letter once a month, till I return to England, which will be in about a year; till when, with real love to all that we mutually know,

Believe me ever yours,

MALACHI BROWN RIGG.

A CHARACTER.

WHAT to the orb of common sense can force
Yon comet, wandering with excentric course,
From Honour's and from Reason's path who strays,
Yet, while we view him, blinds us with his blaze?

* Written in 1806. Perhaps ere this things may be changed.

To crown his youthful temples, from her grove,
Her choicest wreaths the Muse dramatic wove ;
Scorning these wreaths of well-earn'd fame, in age
He crowds with German puppet-shows the stage.
His eloquence for every purpose fit,
Could manly genius join to brilliant wit.
Join'd they in Virtue's, or in Glory's cause,
To guard his country, freedom, and her laws ;
Ah, no ! full oft from a distemper'd root
Scyons of generous growth may seem to shoot ;
Disease may lurk beneath the fairest skin,
And finest fruits have tainted cores within.
Bred up in Dissipation's wildest school,
Debauch'd by principle, and bad by rule ;
With means that scarce for life's support suffice,
With wishes that might waste a state's supplies :
He tries each art chicanery can suggest,
To lavish thousands that he ne'er possess'd.
Reduc'd to straits that weaker minds might draw
T' o'erleap the common bounds of vulgar law ;
By force or forgery on richer men
To fatten by the pistol or the pen :
From duns he flies, securer guard to gain
In the safe refuge of St. Stephen's fane ;
There, strongly fenc'd with privilege of speech,
He mocks of legal power the baffled reach ;
And slanders all the ministers of law,
Who curb the ruffian, and the swindler awe ;
Happy the rules of justice to abuse,
Firm champion of the pot-house and the stews ;
Where from their midnight labours find relief
The daring robber, and the wily thief ;
While wondering Westminster, with loud acclaim,
Hail the proud promise of their patriot's fame.

From the free citizens St. Giles's yields,
 To the bold yeomanry of Tothill-fields;
 All vow unbiass'd suffrage s to give
 To him, their *proper* REPRESENTATIVE.

THE ARTS.

NO. 1.

"Laugh where we must, be candid where we can."

SEVERAL publications have lately issued from the press, and societies have been established in this metropolis, of which the ostensible object is the reformation of the public taste in the fine arts. In promoting a purpose so laudable, we shall most heartily join our endeavours; though while we concur in the motive and the end, we shall probably differ from our predecessors, widely perhaps with some, as to the means of accomplishment.

Nor shall we always lash, nor always laugh: the SATIRIST must never lose sight of the PUBLIC GOOD; and correction may sometimes be effected, in the arts at least, without severity. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! may my right hand forget her cunning;" and if we sometimes court the society, and haply catch the inspiration of Juvenal with the temper of Democritus, we listen with more profound respect to Socrates, and Parrhasius, to Eupompus and Lysippus, and Truth.

That neither the public, nor ourselves, in contributing to this object, may build on an insecure foundation, we purpose, first, to examine what our immediate predecessors (those whose opinions and whose doctrines are still the theme of conversation) have done; and to consider whether, like some modern practitioners in medicine, they have not rather been attacking *effects* (symptoms) than

eradicating, or even ascertaining, the *cause* of their patient's complaint.

Of these, the first in the order of time, the last in point of actual pretension, is entitled the *DIRECTOR*; a periodical publication, of which the first series is recently completed, and which has turned out to be little more than a dull record of worthless rarity; a journeyman-bookseller's assistant; a feeble attempt to raise frivolity into importance; a prolix register of all we would wish to forget.

A *FLY-FLAP* for the *DIRECTOR*, subscribed with the initials of a gentleman of birth and fashion, and of some consideration in the world of science and taste, appeared next, and it must in candour be confessed, that between the *Artist* and the *Director*, the poor unfortunate *Fly-flapper* has been treated without mercy. The author must since have perceived that instead of a *fly-flap*, he should have wielded a more powerful weapon; a cudgel, or a scourge at least; for the *Director* is not a fly, but a monster!

Notwithstanding the taunts, the illiberal abuse, and the ridicule which have been levelled at this writer, he may persist, if he pleases, in maintaining his assertion, that patronage has been too lavishly bestowed on mediocrity in the arts, while it has been penuriously withheld from superior talent.* Neither the ribaldry of the *DIRECTOR*, nor the ironical foppery of the *sub-director*, nor the sarcastic eloquence which distinguishes the *Fly-flapper's* more powerful opponent, can bear down the strong phalanx of facts by which he is here supported. It is notorious, that even the British Institution, though it be supported by the names and wealth, and though *the public is here stimulat-*

* These are not the exact words of C. F. G., but we conceive them to convey his real meaning. "Rising genius," as he has contradistinguished it from "mediocrity," is not very good sense: he must mean genius that has manifested itself.

ed by the example, of persons of the highest rank, has yet been able to effect very little in favour of superior talent in the art of painting. The DIRECTOR informs us, that very considerable sums have been expended on pictures exhibited in this gallery; but let us inquire of Mr. Green, or the sale-books of the Institution, *on what** they have been expended? Was West's Crucifixion, was Fuzeli's Lazar-house, was Turner's Garden of the Hesperides, was Devis's Delivery of the Hostages to Marquis Cornwallis, sold? Oh, no! far *prettier* pictures than these were sold at the British Institution.

The Fly-flapper may also maintain his more favourite and more offensive position, that Nelson's monument should be the work of the first sculptor in the world. Instead of appealing to our national pride, by insisting that British valour should be commemorated only by British art; instead of arraying the host of national prejudice against this writer, by stigmatizing him as a French spy; instead of declining a comparison which must have ended advantageously for art and the public, out of delicacy or compliment to the parties concerned, his opponents should here have fairly joined issue with this gentleman. Claiming for our immortal Nelson the honour of being the first naval hero the world had produced, they should have agreed with C.F.G., in looking through the world for the first artist to eternize his memory. Here had been liberal and profitable, and noble ground for discussion. The question should not have been, whether Flaxman or Rossi, or Westmacott or Bacon, were foreigners, or Canova an

* We are far from meaning that the pictures disposed of possessed no merit: we mean only that their merits were not of the highest class. Even the Owls (purchased by the Marquis of Stafford) had merit, and Mr. Guest's copy of Claude (purchased by Mr. Davison) is not entirely without.

Englishman? but which was the superior artist? On this ground the DIRECTOR and ARTIST might, with honour, have disputed the palm with the Fly-flapper; and on this ground he would probably have yielded it without regret; for the friend and admirer of Canova, we know, is yet more the friend and admirer of superior merit.

We would wish the reader to remark here, what we are fully aware of ourselves, that as the first taste in the country has since assigned the monument in question (so we understand) to Mr. Flaxman, the latter of these considerations is now become of no practical value but as it relates to the former, and neither can be of much value, but as it relates to the more important inquiry into the *wisest means of promoting meritorious exertions in art*. Before this inquiry, all others which we have proposed to ourselves, fade into comparative insignificance, or are absorbed in its superior magnitude.

When we see persons who undertake to write upon this subject, and who print their writings with the avowed purpose of enlightening the public mind; when we see such persons arrogating to themselves the title of *Directors*, while they evince so little reflection as to adopt the interested cant, and prate of *encouraging rising merit*, with the affected concern of picture-dealers; when their tone, and accent, and manner, indicate that they consider the encouragement of youthful or rising merit, as though it included *every* generous wish on the subject of patronage, we can no longer sit silent and unconcerned:

It must not, shall not be; for we were "born

"To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn."

When dealers talk thus, they do not deceive *themselves*; their real motive, which is carefully kept out of the view of purchasers, is to obtain for works of little

cost to themselves, the prices of better performances ; and this is more or less the case in all living arts.

But though the dealers do not deceive themselves, the public has been much deceived by this specious phraseology. Yet we are aware that the words *rising merit*, when not insidiously employed, are powerful words. Where is the recreant who shall dare lift his hand against the claims of rising merit ? It is only when these words are used to obtain disproportionate rewards for immature productions in art ; or where *rising merit itself* is encouraged at the expence, and to the exclusion of *merit that has risen*, that objections can justly be raised.

It is simply MERIT that is the legitimate object of patronage and encouragement.

No man can patronise the highest degree of merit that is manifested in any given province of art or science, without exciting the hopes and stimulating the exertions of all those who profess the subordinate degrees. On this ground, therefore, which we shall resume at a future day, we seek the reformation of all—aye, without exception, *all* the public societies for promoting art, by which this fair metropolis is decorated and—deluded.

If the furthest goal be surrounded by thorns, while flowers are strewed about the entrance of the course ; where is the Spartan hardihood, where is the second Barry, that shall advance far in so arduous and discouraging a career ?

If the higher degree of genuine unsophisticated merit, such as should meet the sterling approbation of sterling judges, and whether possessed by old or young, were handsomely, were even adequately, rewarded ; where is the British artist, who is worthy of his profession, who would not proudly gird up his loins, and prepare to toil up the steeps of Fame ?

P. G. S.

(No. II. in our next.)

The following communication has just been received, and shall be attended to, if possible, in our next Number:

“WE, the little sylvan boys and fauns, who sport and revel along the gallery and round the vases of Mr. Thomas Hope, having been scared by certain rude and ugly satyrs of the north, calling themselves *Edinburgh Reviewers*, do humbly crave your favourable notice. Natives of a more genial climate, and accustomed to the caresses of the beautiful and the approbation of the wise, we were far from expecting rough treatment among the urbane and polished inhabitants of this island. We throw ourselves on your protection, trusting that you are able to protect us; and actuated by the universal wish, of which our natures are peculiarly susceptible, of continuing to be subject to HOPE, rather than of submitting to *Fear*.”

A COTTAGE-TALE.

BY MISS TREFUSIS.

“Haste, sisters, bind my dark-brown hair

With this dear riband Jemmy gave;

He brought it Patty from the fair!

He own'd himself her beauty's slave!

“Haste, sisters, haste, and round me throw

This 'broider'd handkerchief so fine;

'Twas given, with many a tender vow,

By Jemmy to his Valentine.

“My pretty ring,—with posy gay,—

(Dear pledge! we'll never, never part,)

With love's first modest kiss,—one day

He gave . . . and Patty gave her heart!

“ Look, sisters, look ! here on my breast
My dearest, proudest treasures are ;
Sweet lines, which sweeter love exprest,
Surround a braid of Jemmy’s hair.

“ And this the hour he comes to claim
His tender Patty’s faithful vows ;
And shall I bear my Jemmy’s name,
And be his happy, grateful spouse ?

“ Oh ! though my heart be true and pure,
Though innocent my actions prove ;
Ye gods, ye only can ensure
My earthly heaven !—’tis Jemmy’s love !

“ What though each tattling gossip tells
How Jemmy roves from fair to fair ;
Still this exulting bosom swells
With blessedness too great to bear !

“ Is it his fault, if from his eyes
Such soul-subduing glances dart ?
If in his smile such witchery lies
As subjugates the virgin heart ?

“ Is it his fault, if in his song
Such melting tenderness we trace ?
If wisdom flows from Jemmy’s tongue,
And every step betrays a grace ?

“ No, sisters, no !—I’ll ne’er believe
That vanity his conduct guides ;
That he’ll pursue, and then deceive,
The heart which in his truth confides.

“ Then, sisters, bind my dark-brown hair,
Arrange each flowing lock with art ;
Each little ornament prepare,
To make me worthier Jemmy’s heart.”

Her sisters bound her dark-brown hair,
Arrang'd her flowing locks with art;
Yet, in the church, a wilier fair
Receiv'd false Jemmy's hand and heart!

Poor Patty hears the bridal song,
She sees the bridal train appear;
She starts,—she gazes on the throng,
But sighs not! speaks not! sheds no tear!

Pride gives her strength—she joins the rest,
This bridal retinue so gay!
She pins his favour on her breast!
Then sighs!—but nothing still will say!

Paler and paler grew the rose,
Which faintly blossom'd on her cheek!
Oft her meek eyes to Heaven she throws,
Yet still no sentence will she speak!

She would not injure him she lov'd?
She would not tell her tale of woe!
But onward mov'd, as others mov'd,
With step irresolute and slow!

She watch'd them to the bridal cot,
She sunk upon her bended knee;
Not once she curst her hard, hard lot,
But ceas'd to feel!—and ceas'd to be!

Oft Patty's ghost, by Luna's beams,
Around the false-one's cot will glide;
But never haunt her Jemmy's dreams,
Nor terrify the happier bride!

Off, hovering o'er the sleeping youth,
 She spreads her arms,—in act to bless !
 Poor victim of confiding truth !—
 Not e'en in death she loves him less !*

TECHNICALS A-LA-MODE!!

" Whose cap this is, is neither *here* nor *there* ;
 Who feels it fit,—in G—d's name let him wear."

MR. EDITOR,

Understanding it to be the intention of the society of gentlemen concerned in the management and publication of "*The Satirist, or Monthly Meteor*," to wield the scourge of ridicule, with a rigid and impartial hand, over all those whose eccentric, coxcombical, and frivolous mode of conduct, justly subjects them to the contempt and derision of the reflecting part of mankind, I think I cannot better employ the short time, whilst the post-horses, just returned from forwarding another traveller, are taking a hasty bait ere they proceed with me, than in submitting to your notice and acquaintance the elegant and highly accomplished Frank Modish, whom you, in turn, are at liberty, if you think proper, to present to the public. In company with this gentleman, I have just been spending a week at my old and worthy friend Sir Giles Woodbine's, in Gloucestershire, and shall content

* The elegance and simplicity of this interesting tale, must delight every reader of refined and classic taste. We have been favoured with a few other poems from the same accomplished lady. The public will rejoice to hear that she intends publishing two or three volumes of original poetry in the course of next spring.—E.

myself just now, with offering you a sketch of the *laudable* pursuits which occupy his time for one single day, which, with little or no variation, excepting, indeed, that *driving* periodically gives place to *shooting* and *hunting*,* may be regarded as the plan of his life during the *summer months*, that is, in the fashionable acceptation of the term, from *August* to *January*; but first I should inform you, that, as there was no gentleman amongst us at all qualified to dispute the palm with him, he was deputed, by a tacit though unanimous decree, the "*arbiter elegantiarum*," or "fashionable oracle," of our numerous party; and every proposal of amusement, every topic of conversation, not suggested or approved by him, was a "*magnanimous bore*,"† a *Gothic ide-a*, or a "*heathenish propensity*." Were the personal attractions, and amiable disposition of any particular female, the subject of discussion, she was "*mighty well for a bumkin*," a "*goodish ‡ thing at an assize ball*;" but "*not one of us*." We used to assemble at breakfast in the saloon (Sir Giles and family being early risers) at ten o'clock; but this cus-

* *Shooting and hunting*. The reader is here requested to observe, that this *irresistibly bewitching* youth, in pursuing the athletic exercises here alluded to, is not supposed to enter into them with the manly vigour and dauntless zeal that characterise the *true sportsman*—Oh, no! that would be vulgar and bourgeois *in the extreme*! but, when inclined "*to give the birds a barrel*," he mounts a *minor tit*, or shooting poney, and, about two, *finds himself* in the field, always accompanied by *his people* to carry his gun till the dog stands. Is hunting the object of his wishes? It is invariably on those days when Reynard is least likely to take across an enclosure, or woody country; a gate or stile might endanger his *precious neck*; a copse, what would be a mischief of still greater import, his *boot-tops and leathers*!!!

† Q. Is this expression English?—Non; mais c'est l'usage du bon ton, par conséquent taisez-vous, sans quoi on vous prendra pour une bête.—E.

‡ Here again I have applied to Dr. Johnson in vain.

tom was *insupportable* to the subject of this letter, and he never made his appearance until the servants were about to remove the cloth at twelve, when he would enter the room overcome with *ennui*, and, sinking into a *fauteuil*, complain of the "*Vandal-ish hours*," the "*ante-diluvian usages*," and total absence of "*savoir vivre*," in the country. After swallowing a hurried cup of chocolate, he would order *his people* to bring round *the cart* (which, that you may not for one moment suppose to be what Dr. Johnson defines it, "a small carriage with two wheels used by husbandmen," I ought to apprise you was a *barouche*), and, mounting his box, four in hand, with all the practised airs and assumed graces of a regular-bed coachman, would "*put along the tits*" to the next post-town, there to pass a *harmless hour* in *killing characters*, *blasting reputations*, *handling a cue*, and *taking the long odds* !

He would then return to the manor house, and, having alighted from "*his seat of honour*," swearing that "*Match'em was giving-in*," that "*Parisot did not do her work*," that "*Luck's-all was not honest*," that "*Laborie had sprung a sand crack*," and that "*his people were infidels*," would join the male* part of the circle in the library. Here politics, the news of the day, horticulture, and agricultural reports, were entered into with all the warmth, energy, spirit, and *profound erudition*, which such subjects demanded, until it was time to retire for the purpose of "*adomizing*" and "*making decent*" for dinner, which, by the bye, in compliment to the Londoner, took place at seven, instead of four ; but even this was so *grotesque* an hour, that *viands* excited *nausea* instead of appetite, and had it not been for the collateral assistance of his *own salad mixture*, his *own sauce-piquante*, and his *own sherbet*, he could really have found nothing to eat,

* Q. Ought such an anomaly to be entitled to male prerogatives?

though the table was covered with every luxury and delicacy of the season!!! Was an inferior bottle of champagne opened, the merchant "*ought to be crucified.*" But what species of torture, on the strictest examination of the penal code, Mr. Editor (I trust I shall be pardoned this digression), could be found, sufficiently ingenious and excruciating for a lady not a hundred miles from B—— Sq——e, who, with premeditated mischief, fiend-like temerity, and flagitious indifference to consequences, was the occasion of his catching a severe cold, by "*putting him to bed to a damp woman!!*"—Oh fie!!

* * * Hiatus maxime deflendus!!!

Dinner ended, and tea-table scandal exhausted, he would sit down with a "chosen few" to speculation, or *vingt-et-un*, but separated from enterprising London associates, and languishing for his dear "seven's the main," (for Sir Giles positively insisted upon it that no dice should sully the reputation of his dwelling) after a composing tumbler of burnt champagne, he would suffer *his people* to "*divest him of his machinery,*" and place him on a bed of down, where, freed for a while from the misery of devising new means to kill time, he'd

"Swear a prayer or two, and sleep again."——

Such THINGS as these, Sir, to hurl back on themselves the opprobrious epithet, by which they distinguish those whose propensities and pursuits are in just opposition to their own, I am sure you will think with me, are objects eminently deserving of being held up to public reprehension; and though, from that arrogance and *amour-propre*, fruits of a weak and barren intellect, and ever inseparable from a life of effeminacy, apathy, and dissipation, they are fallaciously blinded into a supposition that they are really men of consequence, I would earnestly recommend

the youthful and unwary part of the community, to whom reputation and public estimation are at all valuable, strenuously to avoid them, both as the companions of a leisure hour, and as models of imitation.

I could expatiate, *ad infinitum*, on the subject of this anomalous description of human beings, with which the present age appears to teem beyond all precedent; but, feeling that I have too long intruded upon your time, and already extended this letter beyond the limits usually allowed by Editors to unknown correspondents, I shall conclude with offering you my best wishes for the success of the undertaking in which you have embarked, and which, I trust, it is your intention to prosecute, "*en dépit de tout le monde, et de tout obstacle.*"

Should you have occasion for my services at any future period, I shall be ready to take a "labouring oar," and can, I think, furnish you with a diversity of matter,

Being, Sir,

Your most obedient and faithful servant,

SYLVESTER SCRUTINY.

Henley upon Thames,

10th Sept. 1807.

P. S. A note addressed to me at the PIG-and-ONION, Little St. Swithin's-lane, and entrusted to the care of Jenny the bar-maid, will always reach me safe.*

* We have written to our friend Sylvester; but lest Jenny should prove careless, and mislay our note, we beg here also to express our thanks for his present, and to solicit his future favours.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF 1806.

A Song to the Tune of the "Tight little Island."

I.

A short time ago, as we all of us know,
 Pitt was plac'd at the head of the nation;
 But when he first went, the folks were content
 With a terrible Administration.

Oh what an Administration,
 There never was such in the nation;
 They turp'd out all the good,
 Got in *Whig-blocks* of wood,
 To shew a *Whig* ADMINISTRATION.

II.

The *Broad-bottom'd* Lord, never hinted a word
 To assist the *thick-headed* taxation;
 And the charming Lord P-tt-y, who trips with Miss Betty,
 Got up to the top of the nation.

What a head to an Administration!
 A dinner's his grand relaxation;
 And though *meat* may be *meet*
 Yet his conduct was'nt *meet*
 When *meeting* the ADMINISTRATION.

III.

It in P-tty's head pops, as himself's fond of *hops*,
 He'd tax all the beer in the nation;
 But his tax soon fell dead, on the *bier* it was laid,
 To be buried by Administration.

His *pig* iron a *bore* to the nation:
 This head to the Administration
 May shine at a ball,
 But *took no steps* at all
 To *figure* in ADMINISTRATION.

IV.

Billy W-ndh-m turned coat, with the wind he changed note,
 Nor bluster'd in sermonication ;
 Nay, they're all chang'd, good lack ! so that *Grey* turned to *black*,
 How wICK-ed an Administration.

Yet this was the Administration,
 Hastied up for the use of the nation ;
 And Abb-tt look pleased,
 While the country was teased
 With this terrible ADMINISTRATION.

V.

There was *Sammy* the *brewer*, he thought, to be sure,
 A title he'd get for his wrath, Sir ;
 He fermented away, with his *charges* so gay,
 But his *wog's-head* gave nothing but *froth*, Sir.

What an error in Sam's calculations !
 What a waste of his dregs and orations !
 Like his porter, ALL-BUT,
 No more he need strut,
 Nor *brew* for the ADMINISTRATION.

VI.

Then rubicund Sh-rry, so fanny and merry,
 Took Somerset-house recreation ;
 With his balls and his routs, how he laugh'd at the *outs*,
 When he'd got in the Administration.

No *Trotter* was he in the nation,
 He galloped away on his station ;
 For the playhouse was left,
 Of its manager 'reft,
 While he manag'd the ADMINISTRATION.

VII.

Cr-f-rd, Wh-l-ke, and M-rr-y, went out in a hurry,
 To get wealth and fame for the nation ;
 But some how or other, didn't do one or 'tother,
 But failed, like their Administration.

Hard battles they fought in their stations,
Took convents and fortifications :
From America beat,
They *beat* a retreat,
Turned out, like their ADMINISTRATION.

VIII.

There was Er-sk-ne, God wot, by chance he had got
The noble Lord Chancellor's station ;
And there were some more, a precious half score,
Who fooled with the strength of the nation.
Now I have shewn you this Administration,
Without flattery or depreciation ;
If you don't like the *sketch*,
Send it on to *Jack Ketch*,
And he'll HANG UP this ADMINISTRATION.

LE BOUQUET. No. II.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."—MONTAIGNE.

ORIGIN AND ANECDOTES OF VARIOUS IMPORTANT INVENTIONS.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

THERE is some doubt as to the invention of the mariner's compass. Dr. Gilbert, our countryman, who wrote an elaborate Latin discourse on the property of the loadstone, was of opinion that the knowledge of its use was brought from the Chinese. Osorius, in his Discourse of the Acts of King Emanuel, refers it to Gamar and his countrymen the Portuguese, who, as he pretends, took it from certain barbarian pirates. Goropius Becanus thinks he has good reason to give the honour of the discovery to his countrymen, the Germans : the thirty-two points of the compass borrow their names from the Dutch in all languages. But Blondus, who is

also followed by Pancirollus (both Italians), gave the praise of it to Italy ; telling us, that about the year 1300 it was found out at Melphis, a city of Naples. The name of the inventor of the compass is by Dubartus confidently affirmed to be Flavius. From these authorities it seems a probable conclusion, that Flavius, the Melvitan, was the first inventor of the guiding of a ship by the needle turning to the north ; but that some German afterwards added to the compass the thirty-two points of the wind, in his own language, from whence other nations have since borrowed it.

PRINTING.

There is some probability that this art originated in China, where it was practised long before it was known in Europe. That the Romans did not practise the art of printing cannot but excite our astonishment, since they really possessed the art, and may be said to have enjoyed it, unconscious of their rich possession, as they stamped their pottery with stereotype, or immoveable printing types. How, in daily practising the art (though confined to this object), it did not occur to such an ingenious people to print their literary works, is not easily accounted for. When first the art of printing was discovered, one side of the paper only was impressed ; the means of printing on the opposite side was not then found out. Specimens of these early printed books may be seen in the libraries of his Majesty and Lord Spencer. It was afterwards attempted to paste the two blank sides together, and thus render them one leaf. The blocks were then made of soft wood, and their letters were carved ; but frequently breaking, the expence and trouble of carving and gluing new letters suggested our moveable types, which has produced such, almost miraculous, celerity in this art. Our modern stereotype consists of letters carved in brass, which not being liable to break like these blocks of soft wood which they first used, is profitably employed for works which require to be frequently reprinted. Printing in carved blocks of wood must have greatly retarded the progress of universal knowledge ; for one set of types could only have produced one work, whereas it now serves for hundreds. Printing was

gradually practised throughout Europe from the year 1440 to 1500. Caxton and his successor Wynkyn de Worde were our own earliest printers. Caxton was a wealthy merchant, who, in 1464, being sent by Edward IV. to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, returned to the country with this invaluable art. Notwithstanding his mercantile habits he possessed a literary taste, and his first work was a translation from a French historical miscellany. The tradition of the devil and Dr. Faustus was derived from the odd circumstance in which the Bibles of their first printer, Fust, appeared to the world. When he had discovered this new art, and had printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript, he undertook the sale of them at Paris. It was his interest to conceal this discovery, and to pass off his printed copies as manuscripts. But as he was enabled to sell his Bibles at sixty crowns, while the scribes demanded five hundred, this created universal astonishment; and still more, when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price: this made a great sensation at Paris. The uniformity of copies increased the wonder. Informations were given to the magistrates against him as a magician; his lodgings were searched; and a great number of copies being found were seized. The red ink which embellished his copies was said to be his blood; and it was therefore adjudged that he was in league with the devil, and Fust was at length obliged (to save himself from a bonfire) to discover his art to the parliament of Paris.

SAILING COACHES.

The curious invention of sailing coaches was found out by Simon Sterinius, in the Netherlands. An account of an experiment made in one of them will best describe them. "Purposing to visit Grotius, (saith Gassendus), Peireskius went to Scheveling, that he might satisfy himself of the carriage and swiftness of a coach, a few years before invented; and made up with that artifice, that with expanded sails it would fly upon the shore as a ship upon the sea. He had formerly heard that Count Maurice, a

little after his victory at Newport, had put himself thereinto, together with Francis Mendoza, his prisoner, on purpose to make trial thereof; and that within two hours they arrived at Putten, which is distant from Scheveling fourteen leagues, or two-and-forty miles. He had therefore a mind to make the experiment of it himself, and he would often tell us with what admiration he was seized when he was carried with a quick wind, and yet perceived it not, the coach's motion being equally quick."

NEWSPAPERS.

We are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their *gazettas* was most probably derived from a small coin peculiar to the city of Venice, called *gazetta*, which was the common price of their newspapers. It has also been said to be derived from the Latin *gaza*, which would colloquially lengthen into *gazetta*, and signify a little treasury of news. Newspapers then took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy, and under the government of that aristocratical republic, Venice. The first paper was a Venetian one, and that only monthly; but it was the newspaper of the government only. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper, with the Venetian name for it; and from one solitary government gazette we see what an inundation of newspapers has burst upon us in this country.

Mr. Chalmers, in his *Life of Ruddiman*, gives a curious particular of these Venetian gazettes. "A jealous government did not allow a printed newspaper; and the Venetian gazetta continued long after the invention of printing, to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own days, to be distributed in *manuscript*." In the Magliabechian library at Florence are thirty volumes of Venetian gazettas, all in manuscript. Mr. Chalmers discovers in England the first newspaper. "It may gratify national pride (says he) to be told that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, for the first newspaper. The epoch of the Spanish armada is also the epoch of a genuine newspaper. In the British Museum are several

newspapers, which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel, during the year 1588. It was a wise policy to prevent, during a period of general anxiety, the danger of false reports, by publishing real information. The earliest newspaper is entitled 'The English Mercurie,' which, by *authority*, 'was imprinted at London by her highness's printer, 1588.' These, however, were only extraordinary gazettes, and not regularly published; and it appears that even in this obscure origin they were skilfully directed by the policy of that great statesman, Burleigh, who, to inflame the national feeling, gives an extract of a letter from Madrid, which speaks of putting Elizabeth to death, and describes the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet. The first newspaper in the collection at the British Museum is marked No. 50, and is in Roman, not in black letter. It contains the usual articles of news, like the London Gazette of the present day. In that curious paper there is intelligence, dated from Whitehall, on the 23d of July 1588. Under the date of July 26, there is the following notice: 'Yesterday the Scots' ambassador being introduced to Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the king his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her majesty's interests, and to those of the protestant religion. And it may not here be improper to take notice of a wise and spirited saying of this young prince (he was then twenty-two) to the queen's minister at his court, 'That all the favour he expected from the Spaniards was, the courtesy of Polypheme to Ulysses, *to be the last devoured.*' The aptness of King James' classical saying carried it from a newspaper into history.

In the reign of Queen Anne there was but one daily paper, the others were weekly. Some attempted to introduce literary subjects, and other topics of more general speculation. Sir Richard Steele then formed the plan of his *Tatler*. He designed it to embrace the three provinces, of manners, of letters, and of politics. The public were to be conducted insensibly into so different a track from that to which they had been hitherto accustomed. Hence politics were admitted into his paper. But it remained for

the more chaste genius of Addison to banish this disagreeable topic from his elegant pages. The writer of polite letters felt himself degraded by sinking into the dull narrator of political events. From this time newspapers and periodical literature became distinct works.

ANECDOTES, &c.

A NEW AND ELEGANT SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPERGNE.

AT one of the entertainments given, last summer, by a celebrated Italian songstress, a spacious basket, apparently filled with the choicest exotics, decorated the centre of the table. Our readers will say, "There was nothing very novel in that."—Patience, we beseech ye. The guests being seated, and every eye rapturously gazing upon this beautiful ornament, a voice was suddenly heard, which somewhat resembled the *harmonious* notes of an amorous pussy-cat. The flowrets heaved like a grove agitated by an earthquake, and at length out jumped a little naked animal. The ladies shrieked, the gentlemen stood aghast, and like our friend in the play, doubted whether they saw "the epitome of a man or a monkey." A pair of artificial wings covered his pretty shoulders, but not even the skeleton of a fig-leaf shaded his other beauties. The poor little creature was scarcely less terrified than the ladies. At length, however, he crawled to the head of the table (how many custards, jellies, and trifles he overturned in his progress, we cannot specify), and presented the elegant hostess with a slip of paper, who accepted it with peculiar grace, and read aloud the following *modest* compliment to *herself*;

"Orphéus charmoit l'enfers ;

Ma mère tout l'univers."

The company now discovered that the little animal was no other than Master *Pompicino*, only son of Madame C—and her handsome spouse ; and all instantly declared they had never seen a *finer* or *more lovely* boy.

In the return of the disasters which befel our troops at Buenos Ayres, the number stated to be *missing* appears unusually great. We can, however, assure our readers that General —— was *found* very soon after the action.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

The Royal Eclipse, or Delicate Facts, exhibiting the secret Memoirs of Squire George and his Wife, with Notes. By Diogenes. Price 7s.—Hughes, Wigmore-street, pp. 178.

THE manufacturer of this most execrable ribaldry seems to be aware that it is much easier to *make* than to *write* a book. At the moderate expence of SEVEN shillings he most *disinterestedly* offers the public 178 duodecimo pages of *paper*, *defiled* in the middle with as much letterpress as is usually contained in the sixpenny pamphlets of Grub-street garreteers, not more than two-thirds of which is his own writing. The spacious margin is, however, by far the most unobjectionable part of his publication; and if his leaves had been totally blank, we might have shewn that lenity to the artifice of a *needy impostor*, which we shall inexorably deny to the *dastardly assassin* of *unprotected innocence* !

An illustrious lady, whose misfortunes and sorrows have excited the sympathy of every generous and manly heart, is selected by this despicable author to be sacrificed, not at the shrine of revenge (no, he declares that “he is not influenced by personal enmity”), but on the altar of *base and sordid avarice*. He strikes not to avenge an injury,

but, like a mercenary bravo, he stabs to plunder with security.

“Conscience (exclaims this *moralist*, in his preface) is a monitor that knows no distinction of persons.” Now we ask Diogenes, if conscience does not accuse him of violating every honourable and manly feeling, and of having entered into a foul *conspiracy to defraud the public*?

He begins his tale of infamy with a quotation of eight pages from an author as obscure, and *almost* as stupid as himself, and then proceeds thus:

“‘I will naught extenuate, nor set down ought in malice.’ I launch my bark, not in pursuit of *notoriety* but *fact*. I disclaim all intention to pry into the *arcana* of a royal bed-chamber. I seek not to *unveil* the failings of any illustrious personage, or to analyze *facts* I cannot establish.”

The two august personages most interested in a late singular investigation, are designated by the fictitious names of Squire George and his wife.

After some dull and indecent allusions to the whole of the royal family, he gives the following proofs of the *veracity* of his assertions, *that he will set down nought in malice*,” and that he “*seeks not to unveil the failings of any illustrious personage*.”

P. 20. “Mrs. George was the mother of a daughter, whose dawning beauties and seraphic smile might have counteracted the malignancy of her fate; but, alas! the peculiar feelings of the lady were not susceptible of attachment to a *daughter*. She hated girls; but concealed her unnatural prejudice under the hypocritical semblance of maternal tenderness.”

Again, at page 22, he accuses her of “pretending a tenderness for the infant she was incapable of feeling.” How did this “*impartial pursuer of fact*” obtain this in-

teresting intelligence? Her royal highness is no Roman-catholic; and if she were, she has too much good sense to make such an idiot as Diogenes her confessor. We are therefore justified in asserting most *decidedly*, that these *delicate facts*, like all his others, are most *odibus* and *contemptible falsehoods*, created by himself for the purpose of plundering the credulous!!

We will not disgust our readers by quoting more of his detestable libels; but as the following extracts may be of some advantage to us in our review of two equally interesting and valuable publications, the one yclep'd "ROYAL INVESTIGATION," and the other "The BAROUCHE DRIVER and his WIFE," we must claim their indulgence a few moments longer. At page 51 is the following note:

"Possibly I may be called a plagiarist, as I confess there are passages in a novel lately published, entitled "The INFIDEL MOTHER," which bear strong resemblance to my statement. But what have I to do with the fictions of a novelist? *if they are fictions*. I speak on the broad basis of personal conviction. I will not, however, dismiss this article without remarking, that I have read the 'Infidel Mother,' and recommend it as the *boldest and best written satire on the times extant!!!*"

We too have read the "Infidel Mother," and pronounce it to be equalled *ONLY* by the "ROYAL ECLIPSE!" and as Diogenes is found of "analyzing *delicate facts*, we will communicate to him an *important* discovery, viz. that they are *both* written by the *SAME AUTHOR*.* Who but a doting parent could admire a brat so odious? We will tell him a few more secrets anon, but let us first dispose of his most desperate challenge, p. 149. "I should be sorry to provoke either the satire, the spleen, or the malignity of

* We may possibly be mistaken, but it will puzzle all the philosophy of Diogenes to convince us of our error.--He seems of Zekiel's kidney to a hair."

any contemporary in *attempting* to refute my positions; but if any candid and impartial pamphleteer" (*a rara avis indeed!*) "is disposed to step forward on the basis of reason, unvitiated by sophistry, to him I *throw the gauntlet!*"

Could any thing be more magnanimous! But no "*candid and impartial pamphleteer*" had the *temerity* to take up the glove. How exquisitely provoking to a man of spirit! What was to be done! He felt that if the world discovered that he was thus treated with absolute contempt, his fame and fortune would be ruined, and therefore resolved to assume the gown and wig of a lawyer, and at once to "*take up arms against a sea of troubles*"—and HIMSELF. Immediately his friend and bookseller, Mr. J. F. Hughes, apprised the world, that on a certain day would be published,

Royal Investigation, or Authentic Documents, containing the Acquittal of an illustrious Personage on twenty-four Charges. Officially compiled by a Serjeant at Law! Price 7s.

Here was a bait for the gudgeons of fashion! They bit, and found *themselves* confoundedly bitten. To their great chagrin and disappointment, they discovered that the *twenty-four supposed charges* were no others than those they had perused with disgust in the "*Royal Eclipse*;" and if Mr. J. F. Hughes had heard all that was said upon the occasion, perhaps he might have been deterred from future attempts to impose similar publications on a good-natured public.

We cannot suppose that any true friend of her royal highness would insult her by answering the calumnies of Diogenes; we are certain that no man of honour would seek to *defraud* the public by a *false and deceitful title-page!*

By the bye, we would fain ask the *learned Serjeant* what the law denominates the offence of *obtaining money on false pretences!* and if *literary frauds* are within the statute?

“ It appeared to me (says this author in his preface) that the ends of justice could not be better fulfilled than by opposing arguments (Q. where did he find any *arguments* to oppose in the ‘*Royal Eclipse?*’). I have therefore made the town my jury, transformed Diogenes into the character of counsel for the plaintiff, and hanging my gown and wig immediately before me, undertaken the cause of the defendant.”

We apprehend the *learned Serjeant* means to say, that he hung his wig and gown upon his own (*block-*) head and shoulders, and that it was only the reflection of them which he saw *before him*. He is not the only gentleman of the long robe who has manfully pleaded a cause *against himself* before a looking-glass. A late Ch—r, when a young man, was in the constant habit of attacking himself in a mirror with all the ardour of a *game cock*.

“ I took the *trouble* (continues he) to explain to Mr. Hughes my motives in wishing him to give this volume to the public.”

With all DUE submission we beg to suggest, that this *trouble* was wholly unnecessary. Mr. Hughes could be no stranger to *his motives*.

We have pretty broadly HINTED that we imagine *Diogenes* and the *learned Serjeant* to be, *ipso facto*, one and the same person; and that this *attack* and *defence* is nothing more than an ingenious artifice to open the purse-strings of the public. We will now state the causes of our suspicion.

FIRST, because it is not probable that two different authors should attempt to deceive the public by the same unfair and dishonourable means, employ the same bookseller, write in the same style, and use the same peculiar phrases.

SECONDLY, because both publications are equally dull, equally void of argument, and equally destitute of information.

THIRDLY, because both are the warm advocates of a certain baronet and his lady.

And, FOURTHLY, the author of "Royal Investigation" does not attack his adversary as if he wished to crush him, but rather attempts to excite CURIOSITY to peruse his odious work than to inspire just detestation and contempt; witness the following paragraphs, which we pronounce to be as complete "*puffs collusive*"* as ever appeared in the columns of a venal newspaper.

Page 45, he says of Diogenes: "His anecdotes are envenomed, and so *daringly bold*, that unsupported as they are beyond *his assertion*, and contradicted as they are by *public opinion*, it is matter of wonder to me how such temerity has been tolerated. Yet it is shameful to relate, that this scandalous production, reprobated as it is by every body, is *bought by every body*; and that I know a large edition of it was expended in the course of three or four days!!"

* "The PUFF COLLUSIVE is the newest of any; for it acts in the guise of determined hostility; it is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets. An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem called Beelzebub's Cotillion, or Proserpine's Fete Champetre, &c. is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! the *severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking!* and as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the *shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all People of fashion*, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age! Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth; first, that nobody ought to read it; and, secondly, that every body buys it; on the strength of which the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for scan. mag."—*Sheridan's Critic, Act I. Scene II.*

Again, page 46. "In the character of a cynic philosopher he relates stories that nobody ever heard of before; stories that, like elemental fires, flash before us, and leave us-trembling with horror and amazement."

Our readers will certainly allow that this is strong presumptive evidence in support of our charge. Who this literary *Proteus* is, may perhaps appear in our review of another delicate *morcean*, to be had of the same experienced caterer, whose strenuous exertions to gratify the prevailing *gusto*, we hope, will ultimately obtain their merited reward!

The Barouche Driver and his Wife, a Tale for the Haut Ton, containing a curious Biography of living Characters, with Notes explanatory, by Charles Sedley, Esq. Third Edition, 2 vols. J. F. Hughes, Wigmore-street.

We were about to exclaim, "*Ecce iterum Crispinus!*" when the words "*Charles Sedley, Esquire,*" caught our eye. We started, reflected, and finally resolved to leave the world to determine whether the said *'Squire Sedley* be or be not the very identical *Diogenes* and *learned Serjeant*, of whom *honourable* mention has been already made.

We must, however, remark, that he has taken infinite pains to prove, *practically*, the veracity of the only observation in "*the Royal Eclipse*" which possesses any thing like common sense, viz.

That "scandal-mongers ferret out anecdotes from holes and corners, with which they feed the public curiosity; and *I blush* to add, that while genius labours to improve morality, and starves in the attempt, the venalist, who pampers public depravities at the expence of individual feelings, *fattens* on the spoils of infamy." *Vide Royal Eclipse, page 157.*

What a *porpoise* must Charles Sedley, Esquire, be, who has so largely partaken of this *fattening food*! His anec-

dots, to be sure, are *rather stale*, and may have lost some of their *nutritious* qualities by *keeping*; but these deficiencies he amply supplies by a superabundance of new and original falsehoods.

To sum up all the perfections of this delicious olio of scandal and infamy, it is written in the same style as the "Royal Eclipse," and "Royal Investigation;" it contains abundance of *tittle tattle*, which all the world has heard a thousand times, and, as before hinted, a large quantity of falsehoods which no body ever heard before; the anecdotes are frequently related of wrong persons, and the satire, with few exceptions, is puerile and feeble; each volume consists of about 180 pages, and each page of about *ten* short lines of letter-press; its size is extremely convenient for *pocket carriage*; and it *only* costs the trifling sum of FOURTEEN SHILLINGS!!!

The *first* and *second* edition appear to have been *strangled* in their birth. An Irishman would be laughed at for declaring that his *third* child was his *first-born*; and yet we have heard it asserted, that Mr. J. F. Hughes, that great *literary* professor in the *obstetric art*, frequently *delivers* the press of a *third* edition before even the *conception* of a *first*; brother practitioners, however, contend that this is a mistake, and that they must all have been a sort of *three-fold* production, or literary *tria juncta in uno*: things by no means uncommon in modern times, and which have been found of wonderful use. *Ad captandum vulgus!*

Mr. Ell-g-n—we beg pardon—we mean *Charles Sedley, Esquire*, informs us, in a postscript, that he is busily employed in *selecting out* anecdotes for another book of *scandal*, to be published in November. We would advise him to procure his information from a purer source than the neighbourhood of *St. George's Fields*.—*Verbum sat.*

The Stranger in England, or Travels in Great Britain, containing Remarks on the Politics, Laws, Manners, Customs, and distinguished Characters of that Country, and, chiefly, the Metropolis, with criticisms on the Stage. The Whole interspersed with a Variety of characteristic Anecdotes. From the German of C. A. Goede, 3 vols. 12mo. Matthews and Leigh, Strand.

The association of human ideas is so strong, that upon reading the title-page of this serio-comic little book, the travels of *Sir John Carr*, immediately flashed into our imagination. Lest our readers should be ignorant who this said *Sir John* is, we beg to inform them that he went to Ireland, wrote a book, and was knighted; but it was not the title of the man, but the title of the book, that brought him into our minds, for be it known, that he entitled this great master-piece of human invention, the *Stranger in Ireland*; and favoured the world with a *Stranger in France*. This christening of his bantlings is the only thing he ever did with reason; for to say the truth, his purchasers are as perfect *strangers*, after reading his book, as he is when he is writing them. Thus it was that upon seeing *the Stranger in England* we did think of Carr, and imagined that since he had formerly contrived to give other countries qualities they never possessed, scenes they never exhibited, and manners they were never accustomed to, he might have made up an entertaining publication descriptive of our own nation, so *very like*, that nobody would have known it; and thus have kept up the character he has already gained for fertility of imagination and *poetical* talent.

If then the title-page reminded us of this travelled knight, what did the dedication do? There, in letters large and long, did we behold,

“TO SIR JOHN CARR, KNIGHT!!!”

There's a patron for you—talk of Mæcenas—

“Atavis edite regibus.”

Psha!—a wart of Ossa, when compared to Carr; but now for a stinging question. We see to whom this work is inscribed—who translated it?

“Oh fie, Sir John—Fie, good Sir John,
Have you no modesty, no touch of bashfulness.”

He will not answer that; for though a great traveller, even he has not invention enough to find an excuse for this great display of patronage and self-protection: to seek out reasons might be cruel; we will therefore away with the subject, and proceed to the book, of which, in the outset, allow us to observe, it is a work fully worthy of its mighty patron.

Goede, like Carr, begins with puff, but it is the puff sublime: bombast often approaches to nonsense, and here they jostle so completely, that it is difficult to distinguish them. He says, speaking of England,

“Originality, as well as consistency, prevail here, free from restraint, and yet an equality pervades the whole. These qualities, like the strings of an instrument, though different in tones, yet, when skilfully managed, unite in producing perfect harmony.”

Very pretty!—but we cannot understand it! Then he observes:

“The appropriate emblem of this flourishing state is a strong, beautiful, and well formed tree, which fancifully waves its luxuriant branches in every direction. Renovated by the mildness of returning spring, fresh buds appear, new blossoms crowd the boughs, its beauty increases, and it thus continues to bloom and prosper till the period of its natural decline. Such is truly the state of Great Britain.”

Charming simile!! So Mr. Goede, after talking of pre-

ponderating influence, universal liberty, citizens of the world, and all the revolutionary nonsense he can cram together, finishes this patchwork eulogium, by comparing England, first to a *fiddle*, and then to a *tree*. But now comes his grand effort at fun. Reader try, endeavour, if possible, to discover the point of this episode.

“At one place where we stopped, I observed a very pleasing female sitting in an arbour with her four daughters dressed in white muslin (*only think! in white muslin*); on our approach they came to the coach (*rhyme as well as reason*), and I soon found they were the family of one of my fellow travellers (*amazing!*): they received me on my alighting with indescribable tenderness (*beautiful!*). Pray who, said I, as we drove off, are that gentleman and lady (*there's a question*)? A farmer and his wife, was the reply (*there's an answer*).” What the joke, if meant to be comical, or where the moral, if intended to be serious, of this story lies, decide we cannot. If his surprise arose from a man's loving his family, we can assure Mr. Goede nothing is more common in England; and if his astonishment proceeded from a farmer's having *four* daughters, we can affirm nothing is more possible.

An anecdote of some black *lead pencils* is equally facetious; but his account of the night closing in beats both. He says,

“At ten o'clock the shops close (*nine, he means*), and, as it gets dark, the streets loose their light (*natural enough, but very well for a traveller to wonder at!*)” He adds, “After the shops are shut, now gamblers, housebreakers, and robbers of all kinds, steal from their haunts.” Here the present tense has a fine novel effect, and the thieves *stealing*, reminds us of Sheridan's pun in the Critic,

“Steal, steal, for I'm sure you're used to it.”

He then describes the metropolis, and his definition of the word *rout* is mighty singular. His words are, "A crowd of carriages at night indicates a rout; a scene of much confusion, *where accidents very often happen.*"—Sly dog! Oh, Mr. Goede! Mr. Goede! you know more than you should!

He then pays some pretty compliments to Mr. Colquhoun, for his book on the police, and gives him claim to even a new merit: for he says, "After he had written so much on justice, he proved there was no justice at all." This adds ingenuity to originality; for a man to write a great deal upon what never was, is to deserve that praise which Carr and Goede might otherwise retain exclusively. He says that Mr. Colquhoun has exposed himself "to the probability of private censure to do a public good:" that, by way of compliment, is very severe; for as no person can be offended by a service rendered to the police, except indeed those who are in fear of it, Mr. Colquhoun could only incur the *private censure* of unhung felons and untransported convicts.

Then comes an Irishism. "The markets are very *convenient* but *distant*; but Billingsgate (*in the East*), Smithfield (*north*), and Covent Garden (*west*), are all of them more *centrical* than the others." Mr. Goede should recollect that they are all three at opposite points, and either he has made a blunder, or has discovered some mathematical figure with *three centres*, which is a thing we have not yet had the pleasure to hear of.

His description of a young man of fashion is more correct and spirited. We were pleased with the contrast to a French beau. This is the best *bit* of the book.

His politics are as *comical* as his stories: he sets down as an incontrovertible fact, that "no statesman can be compared with Charles James Fox in greatness of capacity and

mind." Has Mr. Goede never heard of one William Pitt? If he has not, he betrays great folly in talking of what he does not understand; and if he has, greater folly for saying what he does.

He then leaves Fox, and turns to Merlin the mechanic. The following is *very rich*. "Merlin's room, on a long winter's evening, is, in particular, much frequented, and makes a cheerful and variegated lounge. The swings are in full play, the girls all laughing, the horses galloping (*wooden horses*), the music playing, every body, and every thing in motion." Dear! dear! Nothing can be more pleasant than this rational amusement! What a description!! "The girls laughing, and every thing in motion." Good ideas of rationality in England!

His description of ladies' boarding schools is *horrible*, of novel writers *worse*, of printsellers *miserable*, and of New-man-street, Queen Anne-street, and Leicester Fields, *detestable*, and form a pleasing picture of English morality.

His politics we will avoid. A man evidently so ignorant as Mr. Goede, and who has written so bad an original of a worse translation, can be no more likely to excite anger in an Englishman's bosom than a fly on the horn of a bull.

We now pass to the theatre, and grieve to find wilful alterations from the original. When we read Mr. Goede's book in the German, we paid particular attention to his ideas of our dramatic exhibitions, and though we felt shocked at the severity with which he treated some *female performers*, we must own ourselves disgusted still more at the barefaced manner in which the translator has *dared* (we will say *dared*) to deviate from his original.

The author in his review of the drama speaks highly of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons; and has proved, however defi-

cient in other respects, that he possessed considerable taste in this ; but his satire was particularly directed against Mrs. ———. This lady was treated so severely, that we must decline translating the language of the original ; and we should have excused the translator for omitting the criticism altogether. But when we see Mrs. Litchfield, who never pleases, and often disgusts, held up as a pattern of acting, and as a person whose propriety of speech is to be admired ; when we see the original opinions perfectly transposed, we feel it incumbent upon us to expose what savours at once of folly and impudence ; for it is not because the translator of a work happens to be the private acquaintance of any person noticed in it, that he is to pervert the meaning of his author, and lead the public mind astray. The *translator** says, “that next to Mrs. Siddons the drama is indebted to the powerful exertions of Mrs. Litchfield.” In another place : “Mrs. Litchfield is the only performer to rekindle the expiring flames of genius ;” and the quintessence of absurdity is produced by his adding, “that people only attended the theatre when Mrs. Litchfield performed !” Of this, *not one word* is in the original !! On this head we have said more than we should otherwise have done, to mark our sovereign contempt of *family partiality* and *personal puff* ! The book is spun out with common-place observations, nonsensical remarks, and absurd ideas, into three volumes, which, we are told, are only extracts.

The third volume is made up of a catalogue of pictures and an index, so that in fact there are but two volumes containing any matter. We close our account in the hope that if Mr. Geode ever writes again, bad as he does it, he

* Or rather the *corrector* of the translation.

will have at least a faithful translator ! Farewel thou little book of folly !

Eheu jam satis.

Hours of Idleness; a Series of Poems, original and translated, by George Gordon Lord Byron, a Minor, 12mo. 6s. Ridge, Newark.

There certainly must be a wonderful charm in the name of *author*, and a prodigious desire in men to see their own works in *print*, or what could have induced *George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor*, to have favoured the world with this collection of poems. No person is exposed to ridicule till he has deserved it ; and if the noble lord had not published his “ *Hours of Idleness*,” no human being would have guessed the quantity of time he had spent in *doing nothing*.

As to have two strings to one's bow is accounted wise, so some men choose to have two mottos to their books ; but here we have a *coup de main* to outdo them all, namely, three, and, only observe them, how short, and how artless !

Μὴτ' ἀρ' με μάλ' αἶνεε μὴτ' ἑ τι νικῶ. —HOMER. *Iliad* x.

Virginibus puerisque canto. —HORACE.

He whistled as he went for want of thought. —DRYDEN.

Homer, Horace, and Dryden, all in three lines. Isn't he a classical lord ? and so applicable all of them ! only we wish to observe on the Latin one, that if the noble lord expects to amuse boys and girls by his poetry, they must be *very little* boys and girls indeed.

His preface, like his book, is stupid ; but it is dull stupidity ; therefore, as we propose only to criticise laugh-

able absurdities, we shall turn to his *poetical* performances.

The first piece is a sort of letter to *Newstead Abbey*, and it begins so familiarly and so affectionately, that we suspect it is only an answer to some kind epistle that the abbey had before sent to the lord, or that they have been in the habit of corresponding for some length of time: the rhymes *thistle* and *whistle* are correct, but not elegant, and *Cressy*, and *redress you*, are rather too facetious for a serious poem, else indeed they are very ingenious; for had they not been tagged to the ends of two parallel lines, we should never even have surmised that they were intended to jingle.

His next bit of idleness is written to *Harrow on the Hill*, which is much in the same style as the last. He tells us he fancied, when he was at school, that he spoke better than Mossop, and acted better than Garrick; either his lordship is confoundedly mistaken, or he is a young man of very *singular* opinions.

Next comes *the Tear*, which being meant to be pathetic, is written to a jig tune measure, in short lines, and seems intended to be sung after dinner in convivial companies, by sentimental young gentlemen who are *troubled with voices*.

It is, nevertheless, a pretty bit of versification, and the subject is so novel too. The noble lord determined in this poem to shew the world what a vast number of rhymes there existed to the word "*Tear*," and, consequently, he has exhibited them all, and breaks off his subject, not because he has come to a climax, but because his stock of poetry would hold out no longer.

Mr. Anacreon Moore, a gentleman of great mind and small dimensions, has certainly a peculiar knack of writing little sonnets and epistles, that is to say, though his

compositions are all gross nonsense, yet they are pleasant in their way ; and if a man likes to be tickled with straws, he may find some amusement in reading them ; but here *George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor*, presents us with a frightful ghost, an apparition of Moore, all his "soul-breathing glances," "blest inspirations, and "dearest remembrances," are breathed out of an inanimate, spiritless string of stanzas, which all the brilliancy of the one is not able to enliven, nor all the *hard labour* of the other's *idleness* capable of making common sense.

The epistle to *M. S. G.* is beautiful ; the first line of the second stanza,

"Then Morpheus envelope my faculties fast,"

is the quintessence of poetry ; only the noble lord has either mistaken the word envelope, which signifies to cover over, and fancied it meant *to hold*, in which he is wrong, or he intends Morpheus to seal up his faculties fast, in a two-penny post letter, and thus, in an *envelope*, send him a pleasant dream for his next night's amusement.

Love's last Adieu is sweet : there he gives us a view of old Mr. *Time* cutting a bundle of roses, with a *large last adieu* ; and if the last adieu he had didn't possess more point and sharpness than the one here, Mr. *Time* must have had a very troublesome job of it.

Yet, though we are severe in censuring where there is any thing to censure, we are not blind to the purposes of this useful work ; and we must highly praise the anxiety every where so laudably betrayed by *George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor*, to improve the knowledge of his fellow-creatures. He tells us in a note, "*that by law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of 21!!!*" Now for that information the world are truly indebted ; nobody could guess that, till the magnanimous

George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor, came from Harrow school to declare it to the world.

His line in *Marion*,

“From all the flow of flattery free,”

is more like the farce of Foote, or the doggrel of Dibdin, than a peer's performance. These, however, are specimens of his *artless* songs, which, with regard to the *art* of poetry, are *artless* enough, heaven knows.

Oscar of Alva is by far the best; some of the stanzas rise almost to mediocrity. His imitations and translations, as school exercises, are not fair subjects for criticism; for unless his master corrected them, they are, no doubt, beneath our notice; and if he did correct them, they are not *George Gordon Lord Byron*, a minor's.

Granta is meant to be satirical, but is not; and a something, called *Romance*, is meant to be sublime, but owing to some mistake in the writing, this is as far from sublimity as the other is from satire; yet it is very instructive, for it informs us that Damon and Pythias were very great friends, and that Orestes and Pylades were equally amicable to each other.

His *Childish Recollections* are very childish recollections indeed. His praise of the late master of Harrow is just; but his censure of the present, mean and illiberal. We know nothing of either of these gentlemen but by report; and we are apt to believe that the attempted abuse of the head of that seminary is more the effect of an angry school-boy's spite, than the result of the reasonings of a sound mind; and we are sorry to see a young nobleman, who, however deficient in the rhyming art, possesses a high character for honour and good sense, degrading himself by the abuse of a man to whom general report yields so much praise, and whose private worth, we understand, is only equalled by his public talent.

The different gentlemen, Messrs. Davus, Lycas, and Co., are, no doubt, fellow mischief-makers, and are here-fore praised by the lord ; the rest of the verses are of the same stamp as the earlier ones, and completely prove, that although *George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor*, may be a gentleman, an orator, or a statesman, unless he improves wonderfully, he never can be a poet.

A Refutation of the Calumnies of John Horne Tooke, including a complete Exposure of the recent Occurrences between Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Paull, in a Letter to the Electors of Westminster. By James Paull, Esq. C. Chapple, 66, Pall Mall, 3s. 6d. pp. 219.

The above pamphlet has recently come under our notice, and we have perused it, not only with a considerable degree of attention, but, we are free to confess, with much interest ; and are, upon the whole, inclined to think, that it satisfactorily exculpates Mr. Paull from the foul charges adduced against him by John Horne Tooke. Though we never esteemed either the former gentleman, or sir Francis Burdett, a proper or desirable representative for the city of Westminster ; and felt, for reasons which neither time nor inclination at present prompts us to lay before our readers, sensations of pain, mortification, and regret, when informed on whom the electors, alike indifferent to their immunities, dignity, and interests, had fixed their choice ; yet, since the ill usage Mr. Paull sustained at his memorable dinner, held at the Crown and Anchor, on the 1st of May last, we have regarded him as an oppressed, insulted, and much-injured individual. Immersed in a dangerous and all-devouring whirlpool, at once the victim of error, and of confidence unworthily reposed, he is left to lament that fatal day on which he

avowed fidelity and attachment to an associated banditti. Of a coalition so rashly formed, and so injudiciously entered into, no spirit of divination was necessary to anticipate what would prove the result ; and had Mr. Paull deliberately balanced all circumstances, and examined, with an unprejudiced eye, the characters and principles of the *diabolical junta* with whom he was about to connect himself, we are emboldened to affirm, that, so far from *desiring* the union, he would have avoided it as a measure alike injurious and destructive to the attainment of the object of his ambition. But

“ Sero medicina paratur.”

To sympathise in the calamities of our fellow-creatures, is the duty, and *ought to be* the pride, of every noble and generous mind ; and flattering ourselves that we, in common with others, possess a portion of this enviable ingredient, we cannot but feel sensibly alive to the misfortunes and sufferings of this aggrieved gentleman. But that there are beings, bearing the human form, and impudently arrogating to themselves the reputation and characters of men, who are strangers to this, and indeed to every other refined sensation, which ought to warm the breast of humanity, Sir F. Burdett and J. H. Tooke (if Mr. Paull's statement be worthy of credit) have proved beyond dispute. For who, we would ask, but savages or poltroons, could triumph over a fallen enemy, and slanderously and villainously attack him, at a moment when stretched on a couch of extreme anguish and torture, as himself justly observes, when “ every breath was expected to terminate his mortal existence,” and he was incapable of replying to, or defending himself against, their malevolent misrepresentations ? See *Mr. Tooke's letter to the editor of the Times*. Perhaps it may be urged by the

friends of Sir F. Burdett, that suffering *himself* from the effects of the disastrous hostility which had just taken place, and alike confined to his room and bed, it was impossible for him to be aware of the measures Horne Tooke was adopting to vilify and degrade Mr. Paull in the estimation of the Westminster electors, and of the world at large ; and that, consequently, his name should not, in justice, appear in the business ; but is it likely that, intimately associated as he has now been for some years, with this dangerous PRIEST, receiving him as the friend and inmate of his bosom, consulting him on every occasion, and imbibing even his very prejudices ; is it likely that he (Mr. T.) would have run the hazard of incurring Sir F.'s displeasure, and the *consequence of it*, by undertaking them without his previous approbation and concurrence ? Oh, no ! the thing is just *possible*, and that is all ; and whilst this maxim of English jurisprudence,

“ Qui facit per alterum, facit per se,”

holds good, these gentlemen will be equally entitled to share the odium and disgrace invariably attached by the upright and honourable part of the British people to slanderers and —s!!!

We will now proceed to the circumstance which immediately led to the misunderstanding, namely, the unwarrantable liberty Mr. Paull *is said to have taken* with Sir F. Burdett, in advertising him president at his dinner. Here we beg to offer his own vindication, with this remark, however, that though in the scrupulous observation of the laws of etiquette Mr. Paull may be found to have erred ; the laws of friendship (and it was under this code that he fallaciously imagined he was to be judged) certainly require no such rigid exactitude to

forms and ceremonies : the step, therefore, if imprudent was surely not unpardonable.

Page 112. " I confess (says he) I thought that the intimacy subsisting between us would, under all circumstances, allow the liberty I took. Sir Francis had consented to nominate me, to support me, to preside at the dinner of my friends, or to do any thing which could be of service to my election, at a time when I had only my slender public services to entitle me to it. Could I then suppose that he would have felt less willing to do so, when my claims upon the public were greater, when my subsequent conduct had repeatedly called forth his warmest praise, when we were, by his own declaration, ' joined in political union,' and when the sincerest friendship subsisted between us? With all these things in my memory, and with his recent declarations in my mind, was it not natural for me to suppose, that to ask him whether he would take the chair on this occasion would be but a mere matter of form?"

This and many other corresponding passages, breathing, as they do, the spirit of friendship and regard, may, we think, justify us in drawing the two following conclusions : first, that if the professions of friendship, zeal and attachment, made by sir F. Burdett to Mr. Paull, were, *bonâ fide*, sincere, the former may be justly charged with inconsistency, caprice and unmanly indecision, in having deviated from them ; secondly, if he has been urged to change his sentiments of Mr. Paull, not from the approbation of his own judgment, but influenced by the poisonously mischievous counsels of his *Machiavelian* adviser (which, by the bye, we shrewdly suspect to have been the genuine cause of his tergiversation), language does not furnish expressions at all adequate to convey our contempt and abhorrence of his conduct ; and unless this Refutation be speedily replied to, and in such a manner as completely to do away the conviction with which our

minds are at present impressed, that every circumstance recorded in it is authentic, we trust we shall not be deemed uncharitable in declaring, that we never shall cease to hold to our primitive opinion, that Mr. Paull has been most hardly dealt with, and that those who have endeavoured to traduce and dishonour him, ought henceforth to be held up to universal detestation.

Groans of the Talents; or private Sentiments on public Occurrences. In a series of intercepted Epistles from certain Ex-ministers to their Colleagues. Tipper, 3s. 6d. boards. Second Edition.

So incalculably great is the number of satirical poems, squibs, pasquinades, rockets, and other small engines of annoyance, that have been levelled by all descriptions of wits and wittlings, at a late broad-bottom administration, so admirably described under the *multum in parvo* appellation of ALL THE TALENTS; that if, upon calculation, one out of a hundred of each edition survives the too general wreck of ephemeral *caricatura*, and descends to posterity, the history of this *deservedly celebrated* body will be as familiar and as current in the mouths of our grandsons and grand-daughters, as are those of similar heroes and heroines of antiquity: Guy Faux, for example, Robin Hood, Blue Beard, Joan of Arc, Children in the Wood, Little Red Riding Hood, with a long train of *et ceteri*; and it must prove an inexhaustible source of *pleasure and satisfaction* to the *worthies* above alluded to, to reflect, that though their country never can have reason to remember them from any services they have rendered her, yet their *political suicide*, as the author of this pamphlet with much propriety terms it in an admirable preface, is an event of such general exultation, that, connected with their *dignified* title, it must necessarily insure niches for them all in

Fame's *Temple*, there for ever to remain *stationary*. As, according to Milton, it is

"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," so, in the estimation of ALL THE TALENTS, it is perhaps considered more advantageous to live in a wicked story than in none at all. We have seen most, we may say all, the satirico-political publications which have any genuine merit to recommend them; and we pronounce the one now under notice to be, if not the best, certainly the second, both with regard to wit, poetry, and construction. The epistles are written in different metres, so as to tickle all palates; and a general spirit pervades the whole performance. We have indeed no hesitation in strongly recommending it to our readers, who, we venture to anticipate, will rise from the perusal of it with as much satisfaction as we did ourselves. Each epistle possesses exclusive claim to approbation; but as a specimen we beg leave to subjoin the very first.

EPISTLE I.—FROM THE RIGHT HON. L—D E——E TO THE
RIGHT HON. L—D H—Y P—Y.

Donec labantes consilio patres*

Firmaret auctor nunquam alias dato,

Interque marentes amicos

Egregius properaret exul.—HOR. lib. iii. v. 5.

I.

"Dear P---y, I am sick at heart,

I fear we've play'd a foolish part;

I'm vex'd beyond expression:

I lik'd my station monstrous well;

I hate, as I do flames of h—ll,

My forcible egression.†

* Senatores.

† *My forcible egression.*]---The epithet *forcible* is extremely natural for a law-lord to adopt, and surely it is equally correct to talk of a

II.

" *I little thought when I approv'd**
The bill which H—k lately mov'd,
I should so shortly rue it.
I vow I would, had I suspected
That we should *all* be thus ejected,
Rather be d—d than do it.†

III.

" Seated on the bench, so high
In the k—g's court of C—y,
I seem'd a very god ;‡
While half-starv'd lawyers, gaping round,
Waited, with reverence most profound,
The sanction of my nod.

IV.

" The station was too high for EGO :||
My head was seiz'd with a vertigo :

forcible egression as a forcible entry; for an explanation of which, vide Jac. Law. Dict.—Black. Com.—Vin. Ab.—Co. Inst.—Hal. P. C.—Hawk. P. C. &c. &c. ; that is, if you understand what authors these vulgar contractions are meant to express.

" * *I little thought when I approv'd, &c.]—We imagine his lordship only wishes to be understood, that he so far approved the measure as to have promised not to have opposed it in the House of L—ds, and no further. This is the only way we can reconcile the sentence with his public declarations.*

" † *I vow I would, had I suspected
That we should all be thus ejected,
Rather be d—d than do it.]*

" The learned lord is here guilty of some trifling confusion of mood; and tenses, but the sublimity with which it enables him to conclude the stanza is more than a sufficient excuse for any grammatical error.

" ‡ *I seem'd a very god.]—Credo equidem nec vana fides genus esse deorum. VIRG.*

" || *The station was too high for EGO.]—How modest of his lordship, when speaking of himself (which he never does but upon very important occasions), to prefer his old and humble appellation EGO, to all the high-sounding titles he has since obtained !!!*

Like Phaeton I fell,
Or Satan who was headlong thrown,
As Milton has most clearly shown,
From heav'n to burning h—ll.

V.

" I with the self-same meekness blest,
As fir'd the fallen angel's breast ; *
Like him, will kiss the rod.
I'm void of passion, void of pride—
A c——r they'll ne'er provide
So good as I, by G—d ! †

" * *As fir'd the fallen angel's breast.*]—We have hitherto been accustomed to consider *meekness* rather of a *frigid* than a *fiery* nature ; but perhaps his lordship may allude to a species peculiar to *himself* and —Lucifer.

" † *I'm void of passion, void of pride—
A c——r they'll ne'er provide
So good as I, by G—d.*]

" Those who are unacquainted with the excessive modesty of the ex-c—r, would hardly believe it possible for so great a personage to be wholly without pride or passion, had not his lordship incontestibly proved the truth of his declarations by the beautiful example which immediately follows them.

" Certainly no c—r (*whose time was so amazingly occupied by dinners, balls, and routs*) ever paid more attention to the duties of his exalted office than Lord E—e ; if any one doubt the truth of this assertion, let him listen to the following tale, and blush at his incredulity :

" It is necessary to premise, that the l—d c—r is, ex officio, the guardian of all *lunatics* : impressed with the importance of this charge, Lord E— was recently taking the air, when he beheld a parcel of unfeeling wretches persecuting a poor unfortunate puppy, whom they reported to be mad. ' Stand out of the way (exclaimed his lordship) ; if the dog be *insane*, it is *my* duty to protect him !' Thus having said, he caught the animal in his arms, and bore him in triumph to Lincoln s—Inn-Fields. It must be a vast consolation to Lord E. that his dismissal from office will not wholly prevent his exertions in favour of *lunatics*,

VI.

“ Ah! little thought *I*, on that day,
When *stockingless** *I* took my way
From Edinburgh to town,
That *I* should ever rise so *high*,
And therefore could not think that *I*
Should come so rudely down.

VII.

“ My P—y, how we shook our heels,
In rigadoons and Scottish reels,
At S—n's † election ;
While all the world agreed, a jig
Display'd the c—r's great wig
To wonderful perfection !

particularly as it is more than probable that some of his lordship's nearest political connections will, ere long, require his humane assistance.

“ N. B. We have just heard that some very alarming symptoms of hydrophobia have already appeared among the ex-ministers, and that his lordship's friends are *falling off very fast*.

“ * *When stockingless, &c.*]—According to Mingay, this epithet is peculiarly correct. “ The story is somewhat musty,” but we must beg to relate it, by way of illustration.

“ Counsellor E. was retained by a certain buckle-maker against a tradesman, for an encroachment on his patent. ‘ Gentlemen (said he, addressing the jury), it is to the encouragement of these ingenious inventions that we owe their present perfection : how surprised would my ancestors be, if they could look out of their graves, and behold the modern elegance of my buckles, shoes, and stockings !’—‘ True (replied Mr. Mingay, who was for the defendant), your ancestors would be surprised that you had either *buckles, shoes, or stockings, to your feet*.’

“ † *At Sh—n's election.*]—Lord E— alludes to Mr. S—'s election to the office of t—r of the n—vy, or else to his re-election for the borough of St-ff-d, when he vacated his seat by accepting of that appointment. Our readers will recollect that a grand ball was given on that joyful occasion, at which both his lordship and the late c—r of the ex—r particularly distinguished themselves *on the light fantastic toe*.

VIII.

" Alas poor wig ! both you and I
Too soon are laid neglected by,
Our dancing days are o'er ;
Alike, dear jasey, all shall view
The fall of me and fate of you,
And both *alike* deplore.

IX.

" P—tty, I'm sure that you'll agree
To pardon this apostrophe,
My wig I still revere ;
With *consequence-bestowing* grace,
It deck'd my long, lean wither'd face,
A day, a month, a year.*

X.

" But, hark ! I hear Ambition cry,
' Fie, T—y E—e, † fie ! O fie !
Why this inglorious strain ?
Cease to lament thy fallen lot,
And struggle, like a true-bred Scot,
To raise thyself again !"

XI.

" Rous'd at her call, my bosom glows,
My blood once more impetuous flows
Through every throbbing vein ;
With plans immense my mind grows big,
And fancy gives myself and wig
Our dignities again.‡"

" * *A day, a month, a year.*]—His lordship was in office exactly one year, one month, and one day ; and it is an honourable proof of his great economy, that one wig sufficed him for the whole period.

" † *Fie, T—y E—e, &c.*]—Nothing could have excused the familiarity of this address to so great a man, but the intimacy that has so long subsisted between the speaker and his lordship.

" ‡ *Myself and wig, &c.*—Here we cannot help remarking, that however exuberant his lordship's modesty may be, he never forgets the

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

[OUR readers are now sufficiently acquainted with the nature of our publication, to apprehend that every species of obtrusive folly is an object of its notice. Within this extended range, the frequently imposing and disgusting absurdities of modern *reviewing*, must obviously occupy a conspicuous and ample space: these shall therefore be faithfully and diligently exposed, by contrast and juxtaposition, in such a way as to make them most striking. For this purpose it will not be necessary to select only such works as are peculiarly the subject of our own animadversion, but we shall investigate the judgments passed on productions of all kinds. It will undoubtedly happen at times, that with respect to those works which we ourselves criticise, *some* of the discordant opinions will agree with our own. These cases, however, from our plan, will occur but seldom: when they do our readers will be at liberty, if they please, to add ours to the jarring groupe; but no such consideration shall affect the execution of either of our two branches of duty connected with this subject. The *quackery* of reviewing has a strong and irresistible claim on our exertions; a claim which we will not abandon: but in the scale of subordination, a critic (as such) ranks infinitely inferior to his author; and a bad book may do much more mischief than a bad criticism on it. We shall accordingly, bestow an equal share of attention on those whose dulness shines either as a primary Orb or a Satellite in the literary system.]

Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites!—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?—POPE.

In addition to our own performances in the department of criticism, it is our wish to gratify our readers with specimens from the established and most approved modern Masters of that noble

dignity of his exalted station; and that whenever he has occasion to mention himself and his wig in the same sentence, he always gives himself due precedency: thus, in his pathetic apostrophe to this faithful servant (*vide stanza VIII.*) he mentions his own fate previous to the other's fall."

art : and our studies and lucubrations for this end having given us the impression, that amidst all their attractions there is none by which they delight so much as by VARIETY, it is to this point that we shall principally direct our labour of selection ; not doubting that a charm, always so powerful, will on the present occasion be felt with double interest. But it shall not exclusively absorb our regard : when we meet, as we sometimes do, with peculiar and prominent excellences of any sort in those profound depositories of critical lore, we shall zealously cull them, to be presented to our readers amidst the fragrant bouquet.

At first indeed we rather feared, that however great may be the pleasure of variety in general, it might in this particular instance, be attended with some little inconvenience, such as confusion or uncertainty amidst contending decisions. This subjected us for a time to no small degree of perplexity for an infallible director in such cases, for a clue to the labyrinth in which we might occasionally be thus involved. How happy then were we to find ourselves set at rest for ever on this point, by the following intimation in that most sagacious of modern journals, the CRITICAL REVIEW ; an intimation too, not casually dropped as a puff oblique or insinuating, but promulgated with authoritative gravity in the body of the leading article (to use a technical phrase) of its last number ! We offer it therefore to our readers with confidence, as an universal dependance in difficulties of the above kind. “ *Every man who is the friend of reason, will be our friend ; and the CRITICAL REVIEW, in the time of peril and of difficulty, will serve as a LIGHT to the IGNORANT, a STAY to the DOUBTFUL, and a SALUTARY ANTIDOTE to those who BELIEVE either TOO LITTLE or TOO MUCH.*”

Till we had thus ascertained a point of so much and essential importance, to our entire satisfaction, we confess, we entertained a sort of presentiment that in all such embarrassing predicaments we could not do better than submit ourselves implicitly to the guidance of that Cerberus of Criticism, the *Edinburgh Review* ; a work so called with peculiar propriety ; from the circumstance of its being notoriously written in *London* : and in this we were the more confirmed, from observing, that whatever may be thought

of this last circumstance, and wherever the erudite writers may have fixed their abode, they in reality at most prove themselves only to have done us the honour of migrating to our more genial climate, and effectually vindicate their national character by a display of its most singular quality of the *second-sight*. That they are copiously endowed with this rare gift, the first page of their latest quarterly publication manifests ; where, after saying roundly of a certain book, "The Tableau Général of D'Ohsson, though *exceedingly valuable* so far as it goes, from the author's peculiar opportunities of information, is still *very incomplete*," &c. they with equal candour acknowledge in a note, "We have not had the advantage of consulting this work," (that is, in plain English, they never saw it;) "but we suppose that it comprehends," &c. —Having thus however finally determined on the superior infallibility of their great rival, and formally notified this to our readers, we now proceed to the direct prosecution of our task.

1. The first piece on whose merit we have consulted our oracles, is a poem entitled Buonaparte ; concerning which we learn from our loyal friend the Antijacobin Review, that besides affording "no small portion of ingenuity, this brief sketch of the murderous emperor's principal deeds is *correct*, and the principles and sentiments are *unobjectionable*."

But this favourable judgment is grievously impugned by that paramount authority the Critical Review, which on the contrary declares: "This is the *saddest stuff* we have for a long time witnessed. It resembles the *last dying-speech and confesson, birth, parentage, and education*, of one of the poor wretches who have lost their lives by the Newgate-drop, which may be purchased for a penny half an hour after their execution."

2. Respecting the Battle of Trafalgar, an Heroic Poem by the Reverend William Hamilton Drummond,—that Nestor of criticism, the Monthly Review, briefly declares that "this tribute to our great departed hero abounds more in the *language* than in the *genius* of poetry ;" and to the same purpose is the judgment of that

journal which prudently gives a long quotation about Cicero, merely to acquaint us with the signification of the title which it has adopted, we mean the *Eclectic Review* : for thus it speaks :

“ The author has more genius than taste : his DESCRIPTIONS, natural or imaginary, are EXTRAVAGANT ; and this constant monotony of exaggeration has the unpleasant effect of a very loud but unemphatic elocution.”

In opposition to these however the Antijacobin pronounces :

“ Nothing which recalls to his mind the glorious achievements of that gallant hero who rendered to his country services which will immortalize his name, can fail to be interesting to a British reader. How much then must the interest be heightened when the hero meets with a bard *fully equal* to the celebration of his high exploits ! It is but common justice to say that *Mr. Drummond* is *that bard*. The details of his poem require an unusual display of judgment and taste : this difficult task however *Mr. Drummond* has achieved. The DESCRIPTIVE parts of the poem are HIGHLY POETICAL, and not unfrequently SUBLIME.”

3. In a Letter addressed to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. by John Bowles, Esq. says the Antijacobin Review, “ *Mr. Bowles* enters into an able and elaborate disquisition, in order to *prove*, which he does *completely*, that Lancaster’s plan is *not* calculated to make boys christians. This proposition *Mr. Bowles very fully and satisfactorily demonstrates* : his arguments on the subject are *strong, connected and conclusive*.”

Hear we now the Monthly Review. “ Even in this age of extravagant assertions, we do not recollect to have encountered a more valorous knight than *Mr. Bowles* : who maintains with undaunted confidence, that the scheme of education proposed by *Mr. Lancaster*, is even subversive of christianity itself. This laughable paradox we can scarcely prevail on ourselves seriously to refute, &c.

4. *Cursory Reflections, &c.* by a Loyal Irishman.

“ The author,” says our clerical review, the *British Critic*,

" seems to be *well informed* of the views of those persons who composed the cabinet in Ireland. What is stated by him concerning a protestation, &c. is *worthy of serious attention*. His observations on the establishment of a college, &c. are candid, and appear to us to be *just*: he gives in this part some *important information* respecting the colleges on the continent. He then *argues forcibly* against the bill." &c.

This, says the Edinburgh Review, is the effusion of some *furious bigot* of the orange faction.—Such is the *ignorance* of a man, &c.—a gross and palpable *misrepresentation*. There is* a *scurrility and intemperance* which runs through this pamphlet, &c ---and were it not for the *grossness of the ignorance* occasionally displayed," &c.

5. Sir John Carr's Tour through Holland, &c.

" As an elegant writer and an entertaining traveller," says the Oxford Review, " sir John Carr is already well known to the public. In the course of a very few years he has *produced* several interesting volumes, which have been received with approbation and read with avidity; and we are much mistaken if *this* recent offspring of his pen will not experience the *same success*, and entitle him to the *same praise*, as his preceding literary labours. Indeed there is a *fascination* in his style which is almost irresistible, and an *agreeable way of mixing anecdote* with description, which has seldom been equalled."

" Our readers," observes the Edinburgh Review, " are acquainted with this author's way of writing books. He goes *abroad* about the end of summer; visits some country in a hasty and superficial manner; returns with his notes; and by the help of Shakspeare for quotations, Joe Millar for anecdotes, and some of the travelling Guides for trifling information, he *makes* a quarto volume, which is in the shops at the proper period of the ensuing

* We must really venture (if we can do it without the danger of involving ourselves in a *duel*) to recommend the redoubtable Mr. Jeffrey and his associates, to study the principal rules of *English* grammar. In his last quarterly Number we observed not fewer than twenty (what our Latin master used to call) *maximus* errors.--

book-season. This *new work* is a *great deal emptier* than any of his former productions.---Such is this traveller's way of stringing together *anecdotes*, as he calls them! We speak within compass when we say, that a *third of the book* is made up of *stories forced in* from all quarters, *without any pretensions* to interest, or wit, or lively narrative; and for the most part having as *little connection* with the journey of our author, as with any other journey, or indeed with any thing else. *Anecdote upon anecdote* crowds every page: in his rage for collecting stories, our author falls into frequent scrapes; believing *every thing* he hears, so it be but a story."

6. Some Account of New Zealand, by John Savage, Esq.

"This is a publication of considerable merit, and of very modest pretensions. As the author's materials, from the nature of the subject, and his short residence, were necessarily scanty, he has given them just as he collected them; *WITHOUT* the trick of expanding them into a large and costly volume, by means of the various resources of the *BOOK-MAKING ART*. For setting so good an example, he deserves our thanks. He has laid the public under *considerable* obligations, both by the *light* which he has thrown on the character and habits of these islanders, and the *intelligence* which he has communicated respecting them and their coast, to such as may hereafter visit that part of the world."—Edinburgh Review.

"But this is *NOT THE ONLY* instance of the author's skill in the *ART OF BOOK-MAKING*, as will appear in the course of our analysis. With respect to the *information* contained in the work before us, it may perhaps amuse those whose knowledge is confined to the range of the circulating library; but they who have read the newspapers printed in our New South Wales settlements, will here find but a *very scanty* portion of entertainment, and *still less* of any *original facts*. All the original matter indeed which is here artfully denominated an Account of New Zealand, &c. might have made a passable article in some magazine; but as a volume, its merit is lost in the painful reflection that it is a *JOB*."—Anti-jacobin.

THEATRES.

"Cum tabulis animum censuris sumet honesti."—HORACE.

To give and conduct theatrical reviews and criticisms is as common a business of magazine writers as the performing the pieces they review is of comedians; it is a matter of course, which they know is a duty, but which, like other journeymen, they consider as a service of trouble, and get through it as rapidly and as carelessly as possible, not heeding how it is done, so that it is done at all.

These men are contented with reviewing others, at which most of them are mighty expert; be it our province to REVIEW THEM. We have, in doing this, an object in view, the attainment of which is truly desirable: by comparing their accounts, and analysing their critiques, we shall expose to our readers the power that private influence has over public duty, and lay open the real cause of that severity which issues forth, even from what are supposed the most independent daily and weekly journals. But we shall defer these comparisons till we can bring them before the public in their own proper places, that is to say, in the regular accounts of new pieces and performers.

It is at present our business to treat of the Haymarket theatre, and to take a retrospective view of the past season: in so doing we shall offer a few hints where we conceive they may be of service, and keeping in mind our motto, run the risk of offending a few individuals to do our duty faithfully.

The theatre royal Haymarket opened early in June, with some additions to the company, some improvements to the pit, and a NEW LOBBY. The managers are the same as last year: Mr. Colman, the celebrated author; Mr. Morris, a gentleman in some office under government; Mr. Winston, a discarded Plymouth actor; and a Mr. Tahooudin, his particular friend.

After some lapse of time, during which the expectation of the town was wound up to a proper pitch, the *Fortress*, a melo-drama from the French, by Mr. Theodore Hook, was produced, and a most splendid production it was. Mr. Young (of whom, under the head of new performers, we shall bring forward some strictures) was the hero; Matthews, Liston, Mrs.

Gibbs, and Mrs. Liston, had parts in it, and the piece was well received.

To account for the present dearth of dramatic talent would puzzle a philosopher, did such a character exist in the year 1807; and we are only surprised that Mr. Colman would suffer the town to be palled with so weak a performance as this patched-up translation, when the trouble of reading one such piece must be infinitely greater to him than writing two good ones.

Mr. Hook, a mighty quick hand at a translation, amazed the world with *Tekeli*.—There was interest; hiding a prince under a tub, and stuffing him into a flour sack, were *chef-d'œuvres* of the scenic art.—Beautiful! nothing could be prettier!—But why, because this piece had a great run, are we to be indulged with *Tekeli* the second? Is it because a man likes roasted mutton on a Sunday, that he is to be treated with mutton-hash all the rest of the week? Mr. Hook thought he was on sure ground, and with his old friend the Count *Tekeli* he took a trip to Guntzbourg; and, after making him escape under the feigned name of *Everard*, penned him up in a little green-house to overhear a king's conversation, like a sheep in a fold, or a gourd under a hand-glass.

Now really Congreve, Farquhar, and Sheridan, were all cleverish writers, but they never hit on such expedients; and we would advise Mr. Hook to let us have no more of *his* tricks; for they are as bad excuses for incidents in action, as his puns are for wit in the dialogue. He may call us severe, and say of us with Cicero, "Damnant quod non intelligunt:" to which we can only reply, that if he seeks to have the *Fortress* praised only by those who understand it, the number of its admirers will be few indeed: to a modern author, however, being comprehended at all must be some satisfaction; for turning from this performance to *Errors Excepted*, a comedy by Mr. T. Dibdin, we defy even the penetration of a sage to make out what any one scene, incident, or device, in the whole of the hodge-podge, is meant to express.

In the first place, Mr. Young, the

hero (who, though he was dressed in a suit of light mixture which did not fit him, looked like a gentleman, and a being of reason,) with a *thick stick in his hand*, having been absent a few years from some village where he had formerly lived, walks into the street; and, for the better carrying on what Mr. Dibdin meant for a plot, mistakes Mr. Wharton for Mr. Decamp, whose chubby face he had remembered as a boy a few years before: now Mr. Wharton is a very worthy man, no doubt, but he never could be taken for any thing but a bad actor. Mr. Young is made to talk to this Mr. Wharton in the author's usual style of equivocation, only because he happened to be *there*, with as much probability as there would be in a man's taking a cobbler for the king, because he saw him at Windsor!

Then a love-sick girl, played by Mrs. Litchfield (what a figure for the part!), comes trundling on to the stage; and, after worrying Mr. Young, *coquettily* desires him to come and be *tried* by a *court-martial*, held at her papa's house, where she tells him that *Colonel Cupid* is president, *Major Hymen* judge-advocate, and *Captain Connubial Happiness* clerk of the sittings! There's allegory! there's invention! but not fact: for we never met with these names in the army list, nor does ancient mythology mention either of the above gentlemen-gods to have held military commissions; therefore we imagine them either to be volunteers, or militia substitutes under Mr. Windham's sapient training bill.

But what delighted us most was the glorious incident of wheeling away a fat bailiff in a barrow: a tragedy-hero shooting the plump load into the *green-mantled ditch*, is not only new but poetical; and we sat in the full expectation of hearing some of Mr. Dibdin's funny personages tell the audience that the bailiff was drowned, and as dead as *ditch-water*! This only was necessary to be added to Mrs. Litchfield's vulgarity, Mr. Carles's speaking, and Mr. Grove's acting, to have rendered this piece super-excellent.

To speak ill of Dibdin is unpleasant to our feelings: for, unlike the ridiculous editor of the *News*, we are far from supposing Mr. Dibdin void of talent; his *Jew and the Doctor*, his *Birds Day*, and several other pieces, speak plainly that there are genius and vivacity in his mind. In the present instance we censure: but from the

accounts we hear of his embryo opera, forthcoming at *Covent Garden*, with Shield's music, we hope shortly to have the much more agreeable task of commending.

The next, and, thank our stars, the last *new* production of the season, was a one act piece by Mr. Theodore Hook, *Music Mad*. We should be *sovereign* and be *just* too, but its denomination, a *sketch*, disarms the hand of criticism; and considering that the music is very pretty, and the acting exquisite, we shall let off this *petit morceau* by observing, that it was full of every thing but *plot* and *interest*, and remarkable for nothing but *puns*! It was produced to shew Matthews; and if he is at all indebted to the author, the author is much more so to him. His song was excellently sung, as was a duet between him and Liston, who played a part particularly adapted to him, and in which he was effective. On the whole, the piece was rather to be laughed with than criticised: and if to raise a laugh were the purport of it, the end was answered.

Thus having reviewed the dramatic novelties, we proceed to the actors, and shall lay before our readers some impartial criticism.

Mr. Young is a new and great acquisition to the London theatres. His manners, his classical and dramatic knowledge, the expression of his countenance, and the gracefulness of his action, all place him among the very first-rate actors of the day.

His merits have been so frequently discussed, that to point out his particular excellence would be but to waste our time, if we did not deem it a part of our duty to call our readers' attention to a paper called the *News*. There are other illiberal critiques published in a thing called the *Beau Monde*; but this we shall pass over in silent contempt, because it is a catchpenny collection of trash, which nobody reads; but the *News* being a regular journal, and containing intelligence which even its editor cannot spoil, people are inclined to take it in: and thus those persons who seldom attend a theatre, and seldom judge for themselves, are made to believe not only that Mr. Young is a bad actor, but that every other performer is in a similar predicament.

If the world are silly enough to be led away by the abuse which a spiteful stripling chooses to spatter forth from his garret on a Saturday night,

to obtain his Sunday's dinner, what trust they imagine of the stage, or of Mr. Young! Now we, who choose not to be imposed upon, can in a moment discover the cause of this illiberality; and, we trust, this impartial "*Daniel come to judgment*" will be sufficiently displayed to destroy the baneful effects of his *Upas-like* venom, when we inform our readers that all this vengeance arises from his having written a paltry piece, or rather stolen one from the *Lying Valet*, which the managers of the theatres had the insolence to reject.

— "Æstuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania
luctu."

Hence arises all his animosity towards the votaries of fame. He who is doomed to scribble for a newspaper, aims his shafts at those who try a nobler flight; and since he has been silently damned himself, he endeavours to bully his superiors into damnation too: but malice always fails; and it is not because he is looked up to as impartial that the deception can last for ever. No; candour is a strong characteristic of the English public; and it would be well for this youthful censor, if not more merciful, at least to be rather less uniform in his abuse, as it has more the air of a studied and systematic attack, than the liberal opinions of an unprejudiced mind.

Mr. Young we do not know; we neither regard him as our friend or enemy; we do not seek his favour, we do not dread his rage; and if we felt that Mr. Young's performances were such as merited our censure, they should be censured; but feeling, on the contrary, how much such merit is to be esteemed, we pronounce his *Hamlet* the most finished exhibition of the day; his *Rolla*, his *Stranger*, exquisite; while in *Petruchio* he is classical without pedantry, and comic without buffoonery. He is a chaste correct actor; and we hope soon to see him a principal ornament of our winter theatres.

Miss Taylor, a long-legged protégée of Mr. Cumberland's, came out here, but she very soon went in again; and a very pretty lady-like looking little gentleman, Mr. Bennet, sang his songs in the *Padlock* and *Paul and Virginia*, once or twice, for his own amusement: but they were so bad, and so barefaced an imitation of Brabam, that the town was soon satisfied.

Tom Thumb has increased in attraction since last season. Liston, in *Lord Grizzle*, has introduced a *pas seul*, which is highly diverting; but we must censure, and sharply too, the ill-timed capricious of Mr. Ware, the leader of the band, who should never play more than is set down for him; his accompanying a whole scene of such excellent satire as Fielding's with country-dance tunes of his own composing is unpardonable. And while on this subject, we cannot refrain from whispering a word of advice to our darling Liston; he is a man of the very first talent, but he should recollect, that though the town will bear a great deal from a favourite, the cord too tightly strained will snap. The introductions he makes, the variations from his author, and the personal and private jokes he sports upon the stage, will at length be discovered and resented. The audience are to be played *to*, not played *with*.

Mrs. Litchfield has played the *Widow Brady*, and introduced the old epilogue song, we believe for the sake of giving the town an opportunity of deciding which was the most disgusting performance, her acting or her singing. We can determine certainly; for though her acting always is that of a vulgar woman, her singing is like nothing human at all; so that of two evils we prefer her prosing to her music; but for our own parts we are not particular, and could contrive to exist without either.

Taylor has really been respectable; and if he did not fancy himself a good singer, might not be a bad one. Matthews has given fresh proofs of his real merit, which we never doubted; and has established, by two or three characters, a fame which we have long prognosticated, and which will, we have no doubt, be increased by his winter exertions at Drury-lane. His *Sir Fretful Plagiary* has obtained for the *Critic* a run which nothing else could have procured: for though Fawcett can never play any thing ill, his *Puff* certainly was not so good as many other parts; but Matthews in *Sir Fretful* astonished even his greatest admirers: the wonderful versatility of talent, the sudden change of countenance, and the exquisite attention to the bye-play of the scene, stamps it as a first-rate performance. The rest of the parts were very badly sustained. Liston and his wife excepted; their

Whiskerandos and *Tilburina* were irresistibly comic.

Mrs. Davenport recently assumed the character of *Mrs. Dangle*, in the room of Mrs. Powell, who died of a cancer, universally regretted by her friends, as a worthy woman and respectable actress. Mr. Carles also performed *Dangle* in the room of Mr. Decamp, who sent in his resignation, in consequence of a disagreement between him and Winston, the fag manager of the company. We believe the town have never known the particulars of this *fracas*; and shall therefore relate them faithfully.

Mr. Decamp having determined on producing *Tekeli* for his benefit, applied to Mr. Colman for the dresses of the *Fortress* (for even the costume of these pieces are alike), which Mr. Colman, with a liberality always attendant on real merit, immediately consented to; Mr. Morris, another proprietor, agreed also; and Mr. Winston was applied to, who refused. Decamp then returned to Mr. Colman, who feeling that, however contemptible this Winston was, it was their duty to hang together like primitive christians, joined in the refusal. Mr. Morris was overruled, and the dresses refused; though had Mr. Decamp chosen to have the *Fortress* instead of *Tekeli*, he might have used the *piece, dresses, and all the other properties belonging to it!* Mr. Decamp feeling, therefore, that the refusal of Mr. Winston arose from envy, and a species of little spitefulness with which his breast is full, told him, before all his brother performers, to get out of the green-room; that he was a dirty fellow, a plague to the profession, and a disgrace to the house. The *courageous* Mr. Winston took the hint very calmly, and retired unhurt: thus proving the kindness of Providence in gifting him with a short nose; for had she formed him with a nasal promontory of sufficient length, he must have stood a *long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether!*

Having now candidly reviewed one of Mr. Winston's acts as manager, we shall offer a few hints as to his acting. His *Sir Christopher Curry* is an absolute cucumber. He plays the governor as he feels; for, in truth, there is not one grain of *Curry* in his composition. He has also gone upon the stage in the dress of *Fleurville* in the *Dramatist*; but he did not suit the taste of the audience, and has not played it since.

We must now call our reader's

attention to Mr. Bell's Weekly Messenger of Sunday the 6th of September, where, in criticising this very part, they mention Mr. Winston as having played it remarkably *well*, and having been received with *great applause*. Now in this one little remark there are two glaring mistakes: had Mr. Bell's journeymen-critics gone to the play, they must have known that if he had played *any* part, he could not have been well received, because he is uniformly hissed in every part he attempts; and the second and grand blunder is, that he did NOT PLAY AT ALL ON THAT EVENING; for, as we before mentioned, owing to the *insulting disapprobation* of an enlightened audience, his impudence was affected; and this *Plymouth Roscius!* this *Haymarket Inigo Jones!* this *curtailer of expences, and builder of lobbies*, surrendered the part to Mr. Farley, who was engaged, *vice* Mr. Decamp resigned. "Is it not hard that a man can't do as he likes in his own house?"

A Mr. Carr came out in *Corporal Foss*; and Mrs. Grove appeared in *Miss Mac Tab*; she soon disappeared, and the sooner her husband follows her example the better pleased we shall be. Mummery in a good actor serves as foil does to diamonds, but where there are no diamonds foils are little worth; and we verily do believe, with the exception of Mr. Winston, there never was so bad an actor on the Haymarket stage as this said Mr. Grove.

The benefits were well attended, with the exception of Mrs. Litchfield's.

The theatre closed on Tuesday the 15th of September with *Hamlet* and *Tom Thumb*.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

This house opened on Monday the 14th of September with *Romeo and Juliet*, and the farce of the *Poor Soldier*. The appearance of the theatre is the same as last year, no alteration whatever having taken place in the decorative department. Mr. Charles Kemble played *Romeo* with great propriety; in the lighter parts of the character he was as playful and elegant, as he was impressive in the more impassioned ones. His scene with *Friar Lawrence* was conceived and executed admirably. Lewis, in *Mercutio*, is unique and excellent; he was received by the

town, on his first appearance, with a burst of applause. Mr. Claremont was as unique in *Tybalt*. Oh! that this Claremont would pick a pocket, or do any other little *petty larceny* trick, to get himself banished at least from the stage; for of all the empty logs of pomposity that ever strutted on a theatre royal, he is assuredly the most ridiculous. Mr. Chapman, who in general understands his author as well "as any of 'em all," played *Capulet* comically, and made the old head of the house very facetious indeed. He rolled himself about like one of those Dutch toys loaded with lead at the heels, which describe little circles with the body; or like an expert skater trying to cut the outside edge. Mr. Hull, near ninety years of age, performed *Friar Lawrence* remarkably well.

Mr. Menage, who, two or three years ago, performed the part of *Chimpanzee* (an ape), in the ballet of *Petrouche*, enacted *Paris*. We would advise the manager of this theatre not to be particularly anxious to push this gentleman into amatory parts, though, to say the truth, he inspired the audience, on Monday, with the true spirit of loyalty, for never was any thing more unanimously desired than "*the Fall of Paris*." His person entirely destroys the illusion; for no father could be fool enough to suppose that his daughter would marry Mr. Menage in preference to Mr. C. Kemble. It is ridiculous, and we would recommend the youth to consider his forte: as a *monkey* he is respectable, as a lover abominable!

Another witty youth, much on a par with this Mr. Menage, who performed *Peter*, took it into his head to treat the audience with a pantomime trick, and tumbled down before his mistress. He received the just reward of his stupidity in a round of hisses. Such prostrations shew no respect either to author or audience.

Mrs. Davenport's *Nurse* was, as usual, excellent; and Mrs. Humphries looked the mother remarkably well: if it were possible for this lady to retain her gravity in tragedy it would be a vast improvement; for whether it were owing to an idea that heaven had blest her with a white set of teeth, or to shew her contempt for the part, we know not, but she kept her countenance in a continued smile; and without attending at all to the business on the stage, seemed rather to be

attending to *business off*, by playing at some body in the side boxes. This is an abominable custom, and but too frequent with many other performers. It is not more ridiculous in them than it is unpleasant to the persons favoured by their notice.

Miss Smith played *Juliet* charmingly. There is always in her something to interest and keep the soul alive; her fine eye has such a powerful attraction, and her sweet smile (truly *Siddonian*) such a witching softness, that she draws us on to the conclusion of her scenes with unceasing attention. We do not, at the same time, think *Juliet* a character suited to her powers; it does not call forth her talents sufficiently; she is destined to adorn the highest walk of tragedy, and has only to study propriety of dress and elegance of action to become an universal favourite.

In the farce, the old favourites were warmly received. Munden was excellent in *Darby*; Incedon sang in his best style, and was encored in both songs. Farley was all life and spirits in the *Frenchman*, and Mr. Claremont all stupidity in his master. Mr. Waddy was detestable in *Father Luke*; for he played it with his mouth shut, as he does every thing else, so that he appears always to be acting in spite of his teeth.

Mr. Taylor was the plump representative of *Patrick*, and, as far as figure goes, filled the part remarkably well; for, as *Darby* justly observes, he made "a tight soldier in the regimentals." He sang the "*Row de Dew*" song with something like originality, and might have been bearable to those few of happy ignorance who did not recollect Mrs. Kennedy; but we wish Mr. Taylor, while on the stage, not to fancy himself Mr. Kelly. Mr. Kelly is so very unpleasant a singer at all times, that a second-hand bad caricature of him is like the taste of physic half an hour after swallowing it; and if Mr. Taylor would never attempt to act, he has enough within himself to defy the trick of mimicry.

Miss Meadows played *Kathlane*, we cannot say sang; for in her attempts to give the beautiful songs she was perpetually out of time and tune. She was imperfect in the air of "*Since love is the plan*;" and endeavoured to hide her defects by thrusting in long inharmonious cadences, strong and discordant enough to have "split the

ears of the groundlings." Oh, if this be singing!!

"I'd rather hear the brazen canstick grate upon the axle-tree."

In her person she is very plain, and her complexion, faulty at first, is miserably mended: the system of painting white is disgusting in a girl; and her artificial lilies were as bad excuses for a fair skin as her cadences were for good singing. In short, Miss Meadows may be sometimes tolerated, but never can be liked.

The interesting Miss Bolton appeared to no little advantage by the side of this young lady; and though we are not, like the editor of the *Beau Monde*, anxious to go abroad for comparisons, yet when they are thus brought before us we can hardly help making them.

The manner of singing and playing the finale was a disgrace to a theatre; no one person knew what or when they were to sing, and the consequence was, that they drew down upon themselves the censure of the audience. These gentlemen and ladies should recollect, that it is not because it is the last of the evening's entertainment that it should be the worst.

On Monday, the 21st, Miss Norton, a niece of Mrs. Martyr's, the late actress, appeared for the first time in the character of *Imogen*, in *Cymbeline*. Her timidity was a bar to her exertions; but if a very pleasing person, a good voice, gracefulness of manner, and a knowledge of the stage, give claims to excellence, Miss Norton bids fair to become a very popular performer. Kemble was much applauded in *Posthumus*; and Pope was but a wretched substitute for Cooke.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

This house commenced its campaign on Thursday the 17th, with the *Country Girl* and the *Weathercock*. Mrs. Jordan appeared for the first time these two seasons in *Miss Peggy*, and was received in the most flattering manner. Her figure is what some would call improved, that is to say, decreased; but it always appears to us that where violent artificial modes are adopted to diminish bulk, the countenance is the sufferer: so with Mrs. Jordan: she does not look so well in the face as we have seen her; but by

dint of exertion the *tout ensemble* was so far reduced as to make the boy's disguise not quite unnatural, though we must confess that she has perfectly outgrown the part. She played it, as usual, with the greatest spirit, and was greeted with the warmest applause.

Holland was very respectable; and Wroughton's *Moody* was particularly good. But Mr. Palmer does not give us the idea of *Sparkish*; one of the giants at St. Dunstan's church, in the same clothes, would have looked the part better. He is by far too heavy for light comedies.

Of the other female character we shall only observe, that it was meant for a gentlewoman, and that it was played by Miss Mellon. Nothing need be added, for it is as impossible for an owl to fly in the face of the sun as it is for Miss Mellon to look any thing but a Sunday-dressed cook, or a bouncing bar-maid at fair-time; and we were sorry to hear the managers had the cruelty to send for her from Cheltenham (whither she went in a *traveling chariot and four*) to enact a part which she neither could speak, look, nor understand. Her faults formerly were natural; wilful carelessness is now added to them; and since she obtained a prize in the lottery, the stage is looked upon as a secondary object; and rather used as an ostensible than a necessary profession.

In the farce of the *Weathercock* Bannister appeared in high spirits. Mrs. Mountain sang remarkably well, and Matthews played *Briefswit* admirably.

The house is not altered, except by a tawdry kind of second frontispiece, by the use of which the necessity of a side scene at the first entrance is superseded. It has a bad effect, and we have no doubt will soon be discontinued.

Sept. 22. Mrs. Jordan appeared as *Violante*, in the *Wonder*, to great advantage. Miss Pope's *Flora* was a chaste and correct performance: and Elliston's *Felix* particularly happy. His bustle, animation, and rapidity of dialogue, were admirable; and his whole performance marked the sterling actor.

A Mrs. Da Ponte made her debut in the character of *Patrick*, in the *Poor Soldier*. Her voice is a deep counter-tenor, but it is truly

"Vox et præterea nihil."

The introduction of a sailor's song in a soldier's part was absurd, and her

shake at the end of the air was most awful; for it was so unlike any thing before heard in a theatre, that the audience thought it proceeded from some supernatural cause. This lady is a pupil of Mr. Corri's, a gentleman who pretends to teach young ladies to sing. There are some hundreds of his reputed scholars gaping for theatrical engagements like hungry gudgeons at a worm, but none of them, that we have seen, have made any proficiency under his care. As a proof of this, *vide* Mrs. Da Ponte: a ballad-singer would have executed better; and nothing but her voice, which, like a pig with five legs, is only recommended for its be-

ing a *lusus nature*, could have induced the audience to have borne her performance of *Patrick* this evening. In short, nature has done a great deal for her, Mr. Corri nothing.

Mr. Palmer was very comical, and so was Mr. Wewitzer: but the one forgot that he was an Irishman as totally as it slipped the other's memory that he was enacting a Frenchman: they were as unlike what they should have been, as they were like nothing that ever went before them. Matthews, in *Darby*, was chaste and comical; and Mrs. Bland's *Kathlane* was admirable.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

LONDON.

About one o'clock in the morning of Thursday, Sept. 10, the garden-house of John Ord, esq. of Walham-green, was discovered to be on fire. The flames raged so furiously, that, in a short period, the whole fabric was levelled with the ground. Mr. White, the head gardener, who was accustomed to sleep on the premises, unfortunately perished in the flames: a part of the body was found, the extremities of which were literally burnt to a cinder. Attached to the building was a stable, wherein was a valuable horse, which also fell a victim to the fury of the conflagration.

A few days ago a gentleman, passing through Holborn, lost his watch, and advertised it, with a reward of three guineas to the person who would bring it to him. Immediately after the appearance of the advertisement, a tradesman, in the neighbourhood of Holborn, came to the place to which the finder had been directed, and gave the following account of his getting the watch: He said, that one evening going to the butcher's to buy some meat, the butcher observed a watch hanging by the upper button of the skirt of his coat, and asked him if he used to carry his watch so. At that time he knew nothing of the watch being there, but remembered passing through a crowd in the street that evening. There is no doubt that, in the pressure and scuffle, the ribbon of the watch had got entangled on the button.

Married.] M. Mallet, formerly a general officer in the French service, to the hon. Mrs. Hill, daughter of visct. Molesworth.

At Lambeth, Charles Boyd, esq. of the custom-house, to Miss Hyde, only daughter of Mr. Cha. Hyde, surgeon, of Moore-place.

The earl of Abingdon, to Miss Emily Gage, youngest daughter of the late hon. general Gage, and sister of lord Gage.

Major-gen. Murray, brother to sir James Pulteney, to the hon. Miss Phipps, daughter of the late Lord Mulgrave.

J. W. Tobin, esq. to Miss Jane Mullett, of Broad-street Buildings.

The hon. W. Cavendish, M. P. for Derby, to the hon. Miss O'Callaghan, eldest daughter to the late lord Lisimore.

Died.] In Charlotte-street, Portland-place, in his 77th year, the right hon. Henry Scot, earl of Delaraine, visct. Hermitage, and baron Scot: a lineal descendant from Charles II., being great grandson of the unfortunate duke of Monmouth, and Anne, duchess of Buccleugh. His lordship was extremely conspicuous in the *beau monde* in the early part of his life; and having nearly dissipated a fine estate, he, in middle age, secured from the wreck of his fortune an annuity of about 1000*l.* a year, on which he afterwards lived very prudently. He was unmarried; and the title (conferred on his grandfather by queen Anne) is now extinct.

At Hackney, Mrs. Travey. As the

was walking out with her child, she heard a number of people, armed with staves, exclaiming, "A mad dog," and saw a dog advancing towards her; which alarmed her so much that she swooned, in which state she continued at intervals till the next day, when she appeared more composed; but so powerfully was the impression fixed on her mind, that in a short time she sunk into her former state, and expired.

In Bucklersbury, E. Pryce, esq. of Merton, Surry, aged 65.

At Teddington, T. Whitehurst, esq. aged 68.

At Brompton, in his 75th year, John Robinson, esq. a superannuated rear-admiral. He received his first commission as post-captain in 1774.

Mr. Comport, the master of the blue-coat school, in Chapel-street, Westminster. He left his residence with an intention of giving a lesson; but when he got opposite the Broadway chapel, he was suddenly taken ill, dropped down, and expired in a few minutes, and was taken home on a plank a corpse.

In Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Penelope Madan, daughter of the late Major M. of the Horse-guards.

In Gloucester-place, John Charles Fitzgerald, esq. only son of John Fitzgerald, esq.

In Sackville-street, Mrs. Wilder.

At Clapham, sir Wm. Staines, alderman of the ward of Cripple-gate, aged 73. Sir William is one among the numerous instances which the city of London affords of persons who have raised themselves from the very lowest condition to the highest civic honours. He was born in 1734, in Southwark, where his father was a stone-mason, in a small way of business. When very young he left his parents, probably with a view to better his fortune; and, entering on board of ship, made a voyage to Portugal. On his return the vessel was taken, and young Staines, with the rest of the crew, became the inmates of a French prison. In this situation he remained six months, when he was exchanged, and came home in a cartel, but so altered, so emaciated, and so disguised in tatters, that his own mother could only be persuaded of his identity by some particular mark upon his person, which she insisted on seeing before she could be convinced. It was probably on his way to London that, being either at Staines or Egham,

the cravings of hunger induced him to enter a chandler's shop, and to call for rather more bread and small beer than the exhausted state of his finances could afford to pay for. The simplicity of his apology and appearance was such, that his creditor soon forgot the first emotions of disappointment, and dismissed him with a hearty welcome. This act of forbearance was not forgotten; when he arrived at prosperity, he sought out the donor of this trifling benefaction in the decline of her days, and rewarded her with an annuity for life. On his return from France, young Staines served his time to a stone-mason in Cannon-street, and afterwards worked as journeyman for Mr. Pinder, the city-mason, who had married his sister. Having married, he took a chandler's shop and coal-shed in Philip-lane, London-wall; and on the conclusion of his day's labour abroad, he used to carry out coals to his customers, who little imagined that the man who was performing such laborious drudgery was destined to become their lord mayor. In process of time Mr. Staines was able to undertake small concerns in the way of his profession on his own account: and about the year 1760 the steeple of Bow church happening to want repair, he conceived that he should be able to execute the job. Being encouraged by a friend, who offered to be bound for the fulfilment of the contract, to apply for it, his proposals were preferred: and the manner in which he performed this business laid, in his own opinion, the foundation of his future fortune; for which reason, when he became lord mayor, that church was represented in painting in the back-ground of one of the pannels of the state-coach. About this time the Scotch pavement being introduced, Mr. Staines was engaged in paving several streets, and afterwards had the good fortune to be appointed mason to the city of London. His wealth and consequence now continued to increase till, in 1797, he was chosen sheriff, received the honour of knighthood, and in 1801 became lord mayor. Both these offices he filled with becoming dignity, and the general approbation of his fellow-citizens. For many years before his elevation to these honours, sir William had a mason's yard and house at Millbank, Westminster; but his usual residence was in Barbican,

where he built a house contiguous to the chapel of the rev. Mr. Towers. Benevolence seemed to be one of the ruling principles of sir William's mind. About the year 1786 he began to put in execution the design of erecting some alms-houses. These, nine in number, he built on both sides of Jacob's Well Passage, near his own residence, but not in the ancient manner which the facetious Tom Brown has styled *charity pigeon-holes*. The alms-houses of sir William Staines, the tenants of which are either his own aged workmen, or reduced tradesmen, cannot be distinguished by their exterior appearance from other dwelling-houses. No ostentatious inscription in the front proclaims the poverty of the inhabitants, or the generosity of the founder. Another trait of that delicacy with which he distributed his benefactions will not appear superfluous. He was in the habit of giving soup, &c. in winter to the poor of his neighbourhood several years before that practice became common; but he made it a rule not to compel those who received it to fetch it from his house, and thus proclaim their poverty; to prevent which he sent his servants with his alms to the habitations of those who received them. After the victory obtained by lord Nelson at Copenhagen, which occurred during sir William's mayoralty, he signified to the citizens, with characteristic humanity, that it was his particular desire that such persons as intended to expend money in illuminations, would more judiciously add it to the subscription then opened for the benefit of the widows and children of those who had fallen in that bloody engagement. This suggestion, though it excited some symptoms of displeasure in the mob, was highly approved of by all the sober part of the citizens, and it is scarcely necessary to add, that on this, as on all other occasions, he did not fail to give weight to his precepts by his example. Soon after his mayoralty sir William retired to his country residence at Clapham, where he passed his concluding years in the enjoyment of that tranquil delight and self-satisfaction arising from the consciousness of a useful and well-spent life. The remains of this worthy man were, on Saturday, the 17th of September, removed from his house at Clapham, and deposited in his family-vault in Cripplegate church-

yard. The procession set out from Clapham about twelve o'clock, proceeded over London bridge, stopped for a short time at the Mansion-house, and arrived at the church at two. There were ten mourning-coaches, in one of which were the civic sword and mace, accompanied by the proper officers; in the next were the lord-mayor and recorder of London. In the others were two aldermen, several common-councilmen, and many of the friends of the deceased. The mourning-coaches were followed by the private carriages of the deceased, the lord-mayor, &c. At the end of Aldersgate-street the procession was met by the beadle and charity-children of Cripplegate parish, who accompanied the body to the church.

BERKSHIRE.

Married.] At Reading, the rev. A. Start, of Hereford, to Miss Sarah Clarke.

Mr. Bew, surgeon of Thatcham, to Miss Matthews, of Frilsham.

Died.] At Binsfield, general Wm. Rowley, colonel of a battalion of the 60th regiment, and youngest son of the late sir Wm. Rowley, bart.

Near Newbury, in the Southampton and Oxford stage-coach, on his return from the Isle of Wight, Mr. Bayley, of Marlborough.

At Newbury, Mr. Chamberlain.—Miss Read.

At Abingdon, Mr. Tho. Nash, attorney, one of the coroners of the county.

At Reading, Miss Eliz. Higga.—Mr. Benj. Ayliff.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Married.] At Cambridge, Mr. Warren to Miss Collins.

Died.] At Benwick, in the Isle of Ely, a poor woman of the name of Byson, aged 99 years, who possessed all her faculties, and supported herself by hard labour to the last.

At Granchester, in his 85th year, Mr. Howard.

CHESHIRE.

Married.] At Knutsford, Mr. James Potter, surgeon, to Miss Mary Dumvile.

Died.] At Down's Cottage, near Altrincham, Mrs. Whitehead, relict of John Whitehead, esq.

At Chester, Mrs. Hall, aged 69.—Mr. Sarah Campbell, in her 85th year.—Mrs. Hewitt.

At Kinderton, near Middlewick, Mrs. Bridge, aged 89.

CORNWAL.

A short time since, the inhabitants of a town in this county, not far from Plymouth, were surprised by the discovery of a fraud practised, during several years, by the churchwardens. It was generally imagined that liberal provision had been made for the poor, arising from land charitably bequeathed for their support; the unfortunate paupers were, however, badly fed, worse clothed, and generally appeared in a state of wretchedness. The real produce of the land was known only to a few, who fattened on it, and at the annual settlement of parish accounts, the property was described to have been fairly disposed of. Some time previous to the late general election, an inhabitant, who had seen better days, was compelled to apply for parochial relief; he was accordingly received into the poor-house, and, being an intelligent man, became a preceptor to the paupers, and also kept the governor's accounts. The poor-house was an ancient building; the room allotted the new schoolmaster had suffered decay by the rude hand of time, and soon after he entered on his occupation, he undertook to white-wash the walls. Having removed an old bedstead that had remained fixed to iron cramps many years, he discovered a closet in the wall, the door of which had been concealed by plaister. On opening it, he found counter-deeds of the land bequeathed to the corporation for the use of the poor, by which he discovered that 1000*l.* was received annually more than the corporation accounted for. He kept the matter secret, and on further inquiry, found that the above sum had been constantly divided amongst the parish *barpiers*, while the indigent in the poor-house, to whose use it ought to have been appropriated, were suffered to barely exist, deprived of the necessaries of life. The deeds afterwards got into the possession of a lady, whose ancestors left the land in question, to be held by *tenure*, namely, ringing a bell. The corporation had long neglected to keep up the *tenure*, and the family have since deprived them by legal process of the estate, as a punishment for their cruelty and fraud.

Married.] At Falmouth, Mr. Thos. Vallier, purveyor of the troops stationed there, to Miss Jane Cornish.

At St. Hilary, Wm. Cornish, esq. of Marazion, to Miss Cole, daughter of

the late captain Cole, of his majesty's ship *La Revolutionnaire*.

Died.] At Harlyn, Mr. Thomas Henry Peter, R. N. son of — Peter, esq.

At Bougehere, Mrs. P. James, wife of Dr. James, of George-street, Handover-square, London.

At St. Ives, Mr. Thos. Slade, many years an eminent attorney and town clerk of that borough.

CUMBERLAND.

Married.] At Drighby, Joseph Burrow, esq. to Miss Atkinson, daughter of Cuthbert A. esq. of Carleton Hall.

Died.] At Orton, Mrs. Ann Farrer, formerly a celebrated midwife, aged 90.

At Maryport, in his 63d year, Mr. John Wilson, shoemaker, a man endowed with very great natural abilities. Every part of the mathematics was well known to him; and his knowledge in astronomy and optics was scarcely inferior to that of any person of the present time. He also excelled in mechanics, and in the making of certain astronomical and optical instruments he displayed surprising exactness of execution. All this knowledge was self-acquired, and with little or no interruption to his business; for he has often been heard to say, that, during the time in which he gained the greatest part of his information, he generally worked at his trade fourteen or fifteen hours in the day.

At Mire Syke, in Loweswater, in his 102nd year, Mr. John Mirehouse. He possessed, in an eminent degree, all his faculties except sight. He possessed a strong and vigorous constitution, was married at the age of thirty, and was the father of five sons and one daughter. He was of a remarkably cheerful disposition, and, during the whole course of his long life, was never known to have the least disagreement with a neighbour or acquaintance.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] At Glossop, Mr. William Pearson, of Board, to Miss Ruth Collier, of Chindley.

At Willington, Mr. Thomas Riley, to Mrs. Ann Beadsmore.

Died.] At Aughton, Mr. Hoyle, attorney.

At Derby, Mr. John Harrison, aged 72.—In his 45th year, Mr. Richard Rose.

At Cronkstone Grange, Mr. Isaac Wheelton,

DEVONSHIRE.

The following melancholy event took place a short time since at Plymouth:—A beautiful and engaging young woman of a respectable family, who very unhappily listened to the seductive arts and persuasions of an officer, quitted her parents on his account, and came along with him to town, where, in the neighbourhood of Paddington, they took genteel lodgings, and resided there for some time, from whence her seducer left her unprotected a prey to sickness and grief, for her fatal deviation from innocence. As soon as her health enabled her, she formed the resolution of returning home, hoping, by penitence, to atone for the sorrow she had occasioned her parents; but they refusing to receive her, she went to a public house, and requested a private room for a few minutes; the landlady left her, and soon returning, found the wretched victim of seduction a corpse, having in the meanwhile strangled herself.

A smart young sailor, in appearance, lately volunteered his services on board his majesty's ship *Imperieuse*, lying in Plymouth Sound. The officers were extremely interested in his appearance, but some suspicion as to sex having arisen, a medical examination was about to be enforced, when the young spark confessed that *she was a woman*, and a native of Aberdeen; that she has borne a child to a man who had been pressed into the service, and that she entered in hopes of one day meeting with him. She is only 22 years old, and has served in several ships by the name of Tom Walker. Since the discovery she has been relieved from the ship's duty, and cooks and attends upon the officers. Her sex is cautiously respected by the ship's company, and her conduct is exemplary chaste and correct.

There is now living at Chumleigh, a small town of the North of Devon, three women, whose united ages form a total of 277 years. Two of them bear the same name, but are not related to each other; the elder (Mary Collins), who completed her 93d year last December, succeeded her husband many years ago in the capacity of sexton of the parish, and until within these few months, she diligently pursued the duties of that office. No one was more methodical or expeditious in the digging of a grave: and at times she regularly tolls the bell, and, dur-

ing divine service, perambulates the church, to keep idle boys under proper discipline.

Married.] At Tiverton, Charles Osmond Osmond, esq. to Miss Foulkes, eldest daughter of J. D. Foulkes, esq. of Medland.

At Barnstaple, William Prole, esq. of Georgeham, to Miss Rebecca Watson, daughter of Mr. W., wine-merchant.

At Tavistock, William Salusbury, esq. captain of the royal miners militia, and second son of the rev. sir Henry Trelawney, bart. to Miss Patience Carpenter, only daughter of John Phillips Carpenter, esq. of Mount Tavy.

Died.] At Dartmouth, Arthur Holdsworth, esq. many years governor of the castle at that place.

At Barnstaple, Mrs. Tolver, wife of captain Tolver.

At Coryton, the lady of William Tucker, esq.

At West Alvington, near Kingsbridge, aged 92, the rev. Tho. Pyle.

At Exeter, in her 87th year, Mrs. Ann Luggar.

DORSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Symondsbury, John Radcliffe Bond, esq. eldest son of John Bond, esq. late of Flockton, Yorkshire, to Miss Turner, daughter of Mr. F., attorney, of Hopton, near Huddersfield, in the same county.

At Radipole, James Weston, esq. of London, to Miss Ann Crouch, second daughter of John Crouch, esq. of Weymouth.

Died.] At Marshull, the rev. Harry Place, junior.

At Cerne, Mr. Conway, many years a respectable woolstapler.

At Beaminster, aged 20, Mr. Robert Pope.

DURHAM.

Married.] At Darlington, Mr. Nixon, of Carlisle, to Miss Burnett, only daughter of William Burnett, esq. of Darlington.

Died.] At Durham, Mrs. Wilkinson, relict of Thomas W., esq. late of Brancepath.

At Stockton, Mrs. Ann Thrush.—Miss Isabella Bamlett.

At Darlington, Mr. Joseph Forster.

ESSEX.

Married.] At East Ham, William Morley, esq. of Green-street House, aged 68, to Miss S. Crook, an amiable young woman of colour, aged 26.

At Hatfield Peverell, W. Tooke,

esq. of Gray's Inn, to Amelia, third daughter of the late Samuel Shaen, esq. of St. Craix's, in the same parish.

Died.] At the Retreat, near Danbury, aged 74, Tho. Michael Nowell, esq. the eldest branch of the ancient family of the Nowells, of Read Hall, near Preston, Lancashire; revered and respected by all who knew him, a dutiful son, loving brother, kind husband, father, and friend. He acquired great eminence as a physician, and promoter of the vaccine inoculation in France, in which country he was so highly respected, even in the time of Robespierre, that every attention was paid to him, his family, and every person whom it fell in his way to protect. His abilities had such weight with Buonaparte, as to procure him permission to return to England, or to traverse France.

At Rayne Personage, Mrs. Greenhill, relict of Thomas G., esq. of Watford, Herts.

At Torrell's Hall, Mrs. Crabb, wife of John Crabb, esq.

At Great Baddow, in her 59th year, Mrs. Leonora Thomas, wife of John Thomas, esq. one of the deputy lieutenants and magistrates of the county. She was the daughter of the late rear-admiral Godsalve, and was related to the noble family of Athol. She possessed highly accomplished manners and real goodness of heart.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At Stroud, lieutenant Delmont, of the 22d regiment of foot, aged 21. He was shot in a duel by lieutenant Heazle, of the 3d regiment of buffs, both being stationed at Stroud on the recruiting service. An inquest was taken on view of the body, before William Trigg, gent. coroner, and a highly respectable jury, who, after a minute investigation, which occupied eight hours, returned a verdict of *wilful murder* against lieutenant Heazle, the challenger, and lieutenant Sergeant, of the 61st regiment of foot, who was the only second in this unfortunate affair. They have hitherto eluded the pursuit of justice; but rewards are offered by the parish of Stroud for their apprehension. Lieutenant Delmont was shot in the back, before, it is supposed, he had time to turn round, on pacing from his antagonist to the allotted space. The ball, which was discharged from a horse pistol, went through his body; and afterwards perforated his arm. He

continued sensible till the last; and freely forgave his antagonist. The cause of the quarrel was an aspersion supposed to be passed upon the character of a female, with whom lieutenant Heazle was acquainted. The remains of lieutenant Delmont were interred at Stroud. The funeral procession was conducted with the strictest propriety and decorum. The pall was supported by the officers upon the recruiting service in the place, followed by the chief-mourners in cloaks; the medical gentlemen who attended the deceased, and assisted at the dissection of the body; the military parties in the town; six gentlemen of the neighbourhood, in deep mourning; and the coroner closed the procession. There was no firing over the grave, nor did any music accompany the procession; but, on entering and departing from the church, a solemn dirge was performed upon the organ. An immense concourse of spectators attended to witness the solemnity; and the windows were crowded with people of all ranks, whose feelings were expressed by their tears and lamentations. The deceased was universally esteemed for his amiable disposition and gentlemanly manners. His father, a gentleman of London, reached Stroud about half an hour after his dissolution; and his affliction was aggravated, in no small degree, by the circumstance of having lost another promising son, a short time since, in the island of Malta, where he was serving with his regiment.

KENT.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 16th of September, the corning-house of the powder-mills, at Faversham, blew up with a dreadful explosion; six men and three horses were at work in it at the time; they all perished in a miserable manner, and presented a spectacle frightful to behold. Three of the men were literally blown to pieces, a head here, an arm there, and a leg in some distant place from the rest. Their relatives and friends gathered the scattered members, and carried them away in baskets. The six unfortunate men have left wives and children. The quantity of powder in the corning-mill was considerable, and the explosion dreadful. By what accident the powder took fire, can only be a matter of conjecture. A similar misfortune happened to the powder-mills at that place, in the summer of 1802.

An obstinate attempt at suicide recently occurred at Newington, near Sittingbourn :—John Gold, a labouring man, of 72 years of age, first attempted to put an end to his life by hanging himself; but, by timely assistance, was cut down, and recovered. Disappointed in this, he then jumped down a well, 78 feet deep, and containing 11 feet of water; being, however, observed, he was drawn up half way, when he let go his hold, and fell to the ground. He was, nevertheless, again recovered, and drawn up, having sustained little other hurt than a slight bruise on the back part of his head. The cause of these attempts is, singularly enough, attributed to jealousy of an old woman, about his own age.

Died.] At Maidstone, in her 58th year, Mrs. Mackett. At the age of 23, she was considered the principal equestrian performer at Astley's, and was the first person who rode three horses in hand at one time, and jumped over the garter while they were in full speed. She married John Criap, esq. of Loose, and after his death was alternately the sport of good and bad fortune; sometimes enjoying the splendour of affluence, at others, suffering under the pressure of poverty; and at last died dependent on the kind offices of well disposed persons who knew her, and who did every thing in their power to tranquillize the last moments of her life.

At Tunbridge Wells, Mrs. Beresford, wife of the honourable and right reverend the Archbishop of Tuam. This lady was second daughter of the late John Fitzgibbon, esq. and sister to the late Earl of Clare. She was a woman of very strong mind, highly improved by education: her manner was commanding but pleasant, and every arrangement in her house and family bespoke her good sense. She was forty-four years a wife, and a most interesting example of conjugal affection. She has left five daughters, all of whom, except one, were married at a very early age, and have proved the most amiable of wives and mothers, worthy of the domestic and virtuous habits in which they were educated. She has also left two sons clergymen, the youngest of whom is married to a daughter of the Earl of Tankerville.

At Sydenham, John Jones, esq. of Frankly, near Bradford, Wilts, many years in the commission of the peace for that county and Somerset.

LANCASHIRE.

The following anecdote will shew that the age of superstition is not yet passed, even in this enlightened country. Two sailors who, a short time since, arrived at the port of Liverpool, in an American ship, solemnly assured every one they met with, that about a week before their landing, they saw, in the Atlantic Ocean, *two mermaids*, who, raising their heads above the water, and assuming a prophetic attitude, declared in a loud voice, "That on a certain day (September 17), the town of Liverpool, with its environs, for ten miles round, would be destroyed by an earthquake." Several persons expressing some incredulity at this account, the men offered to go before the magistrates, to testify, on oath, the truth of this assertion; and if such a ridiculous assertion could have been publicly received, they would actually have fulfilled their promise. In the mean time, the matter became a common topic of discourse among all the lower orders of people, and the fatal day was expected with no small degree of alarm and apprehension. Several persons were so far overcome by their terrors, as to leave the town, in order so avoid their catastrophe. Happily, the day passed over without mischief, and public tranquillity was of course restored.

Married.] At Preston, Robert Robbins, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, London, to Miss Ann Bliza Horrocks, daughter of Samuel Horrocks, esq. M. P. for Preston.

Died.] At Bolton le Sands, aged 75, Mrs. Sparling, wife of Mr. Sparling, banker, and sister to John Stevenson, esq. banker in London.

At Ardwick, near Manchester, Mrs. Peele, wife of Laurence Peele, esq.; a lady of the most amiable character; whose conduct through life endeared her to all who had the happiness of her acquaintance. Her bosom was a source of the purest benevolence, charity, and virtue, furnishing a bright example to her sex, and to mankind. By her death, the neighbouring poor will experience the irreparable loss of a kind benefactress, and society, that of one of its most shining ornaments.

At Aughton, near Ormskirk, Mr. Richard Brighthouse, aged 100. He has left a widow, to whom he had been married 70 years.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At Leicester, Mrs. Brown, relict of Tho. Brown, gent. formerly of Hinckley. During her life-time, the indigent often shared her bounty, and she has left two hundred pounds, the interest of which is to be annually distributed among the poor widows of Hinckley. In his 59th year, alderman Burbridge. He served the office of mayor of Leicester in 1792, and discharged his public duties with independence and integrity. In private life he was deservedly esteemed as an affectionate father, a good neighbour, and a sincere friend.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

On Sunday, Sept. 13, an inquest was held at Aslackby, near Falkingham, by Mr. White, a coroner for the county of Lincoln, on the body of Wm. Bannister, who, on the previous Thursday evening, drowned herself in that parish. The deceased followed the business of a drover, was a young man of respectable connections, and in all the relations of life a character highly estimable. For a few days before he perpetrated the act of self-destruction, he had evidently been mentally distressed, and his health had been greatly injured by the perturbation of his feelings. On Thursday evening he requested a friend to walk with him in the fields of Aslackby, and repeatedly said he had something of consequence to communicate. The friend in vain requested him to disclose what it was, and was suddenly astonished to see young Bannister in the act of cutting his throat with a penknife: he succeeded with great difficulty in getting the knife away from the deceased before any fatal incision was made, but was himself severely wounded in the struggle. Foiled in the meditated means of destroying himself, Bannister (who was a remarkably fine and stout man) knocked down the friendly interposer between him and a shocking death, and running with great speed up a hill, plunged into a stock-pond, and was drowned before he was extricated. He was 26 years of age. His fatal desperation is attributed to a disappointed attachment. The jury returned a verdict—*Lunacy*.

Died.] At Grantham, aged 76, Mr. T. Wilkins, who had been 40 years a schoolmaster there.

At Aby, near Louth, Mrs. Mary Allcock, aged 100 years and 6 months.

The shirt which she made for her first child served for 39 other children during their infancy.

NORFOLK.

Died.] At his seat at Rainham, Geo. Townshend, marquis Townshend of Rainham, viscount Townshend, baron Townshend of Lynn, and a baronet; lord-lieut. and vice-adm of Norfolk, a field-marshal, colonel of the 2d regiment of dragoon guards, and governor of Jersey; closing, in his 84th year, a long life, laudably devoted and honourably employed in the service of his country. His lordship was a godson of his majesty George I. and served under George II, in the siege of Dettingen; he served also in the battles of Fontenoy, Culloden, and Lafeldt, also at the memorable battle of Quebec, which town fell into his hands as commander in chief, after the deplored death of the immortal Wolfe. His lordship was also at the battle of Fellinghausen, and served a campaign in Portugal, under that renowned general count La Lippe. He served the offices of lieutenant-general and master-general of the ordnance; and filled the station of viceroy of Ireland for 5 years, during which he peculiarly conciliated the affections of the people. By his first wife, Charlotte, baroness De Ferrers, of Chertley, only daughter of the earl of Northampton, he has left the earl of Leicester, now marquis Townshend, lord John Townshend, and Lady Eliz. Loftus. The marchioness died, universally regretted, during the marquis's vicereignty in Ireland. His second marriage was with, Miss Anna Montgomery, the youngest daughter of the late sir Wm. Montgomery, bart.: and by this lady the marquis has left six children, namely, lady Anne Hudson, the duchess of Leeds, two unmarried daughters, and two sons.

At Dickleburg, Joseph Dover, esq. in his 84th year.

At Thetford, aged 84, Wm. Rolf, one of the commonalty of that borough, and twin brother of alderman Rolf, of the same place, who died in December last.

At Lynn, Mr. B. Nelson, merchant, a distant relative of the never to be forgotten hero of the Nile.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Died.] At Throckley, Mrs. Robson, aged 90. She never used spectacles; and notwithstanding her advanced age, she was in the habit of reading

the smallest print by candle-light, till a short time previous to her death.

At Newcastle, Mrs. Collingwood, relict of — Collingwood, esq. of Unthank, aged 72.—Mr. Tho. Fenhill, tide-waiter, aged 80. He had gone on board a vessel from Drontheim, and was assisting to navigate her up the river, when he expired without previously complaining.—Eliz. Bickett, aged 103. She enjoyed good health till within six months of her death.

At Berwick, Alex. Fleming, formerly serjeant in the 25th foot, and latterly serjeant-major of invalids, aged 91.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] At Nottingham, Mrs. Barnsdall, a woman of great abilities and industry in trade. She was a principal in the concern of the Nottingham boat company, and took an active part in the navigating business upwards of half a century.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Oxford, Mr. Quartermaine, in his 68th year. He had been upwards of 40 years head butler of St. John's college.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Ellesmere, Thomas Vaughan, esq. to Mrs. Eliza Vaughan. It is remarkable, that though this lady has been twice married, she has never changed her maiden name.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, aged 85. Mrs. Adams.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Binegar, John Greenhill, esq. of Downside-house, to Miss Bovet, grand-daughter of the late lord Francis Seymour, and cousin to his grace the duke of Somerset.

Died.] At Bath, the right hon. Geo. Augustus Lumley Sanderson, earl of Scarborough, visct. and baron Lumley, of Lumley-castle, visct. Lumley in Ireland. His lordship was born Sept. 22, 1753, and succeeded his father May 12, 1782; his lordship was not married. His remains were interred in the abbey-church, Bath. His brother, the hon. colonel Lumley, was chief mourner; and the pall was supported by David Hartley, Sam Hartley, W.H. Hartley, and — White, esqrs. His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his next brother, Richard Lumley, who took the name of Savile, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, and who is married to visct. Middleton's sister. Richard, the fourth earl, and father of the late, was deputy earl marshal of England, and married Bar-

bara, sister to the late sir George Savile, bart. who left his fortune to his sister's second son; and should he become earl of Scarborough, then the same to descend to the third son; and so on, in order that the two estates should not unite with the title in one and the same person. The Savile estate, which is considerably larger than the Scarborough, has, of course, under the will, been hitherto enjoyed by the second son, the hon. R. Lumley Savile, now earl of Scarborough, who, on coming to this title, must resign the larger estates, which he has hitherto possessed, and take the inferior one with the earldom. The hon. and rev. John Lumley, rector of Winttingham, who has several children, will now enjoy the Savile fortune.

At Stowey-house, near Bridgewater, lady Stuart, wife of lord Wm. Stuart, of the royal navy, son of the marquis of Bute. Her ladyship was in her 26th year. She was daughter of the first lord Hawarden, and has left issue one daughter.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Handsworth, Mr. Johnson, of Birmingham, to Miss Hayes.

Died.] At Burslem, Mrs. Hickman, wife of Mr. Hickman, surgeon. Her death was occasioned by her gown taking fire: under the effects of this accident she languished ten weeks, during which her sufferings were most poignant.

At Colwich, the rev. Winfred Wilton.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] Dr. Drake, of Hadleigh, to Miss Rose, of Brettenham.

Died.] At Bury, Mrs. Mitchell, of the Red Lion Inn. She went to bed in apparent good health, but by two o'clock in the morning expired, as it is supposed, in an apoplectic fit, before medical assistance arrived.

SUSSEX.

The following singular circumstance has excited much interest and curiosity in the vicinity of Cuckfield, in this county:—A servant-girl, of the name of Sarah Smith, living with Mrs. Wood, a widow lady, complained, on Saturday, the 15th of August, of illness, accompanied with extreme drowsiness. Her mistress advised her to lie down. She accordingly went to bed, and immediately dropt into a profound sleep, and continued sleeping, though proper means were used

by the faculty to arouse her, till Sunday the 23d, a period of eight days, when she awoke, apparently from the sound of the church bells, which were then chiming, and occasioned her to remark, that her yesterday's indisposition had caused her to lie beyond her ordinary hour, as it was church time. She got up without much assistance, but complained of excessive thirst, appearing extremely weak. During the whole of this wonderful suspension of the faculties of the mind, the flush of health appeared on her cheeks, but their fulness diminished considerably after the third day, when her pulsation grew weaker, and her breathing could hardly be perceived. No sustenance could be administered to her, nor was she subject to any evacuation whatever. This was but the prelude to other soporific fits of a similar nature; for we find that on Monday, Sept. 7, she resigned herself for the third time into the arms of Morpheus, and continued in her lethargic state till Friday morning the 11th, when she awoke, and complained only of faintness and languor.

Died.] At Lewes, aged 61, Francis Whitfield, esq. banker.

At Chichester, Mrs. Lane, wife of Wm Lane, esq. of the Minerva office, Leadenhall-street, London.

WARWICKSHIRE.

At Birmingham, aged 86, Mrs. Collins.

At Alverley, aged 79, Mrs. Hale; and two days afterwards, at Stonebridge, her brother, Hungerford Oliver, esq.

At Warwick, in her 78th year, Mrs. Weale.

WESTMORELAND.

Died.] Mr. A. Jackson, formerly an eminent hairdresser, aged 84.

At St. Alban's, Hertfordshire, very suddenly, while on a journey to visit a daughter in Kent, James Wilson, esq. aged 66. He was a justice of the peace for the county of Cumberland and Westmoreland; and as an active magistrate, zealous in preserving peace and good order, his death will be a public loss. His knowledge of the law, particularly in that department in which he was most engaged, was extensive: his impartiality in all his decisions was unquestionable; and he was equally accessible to the poor and the rich.

WILTSHIRE.

Died.] At Wanborough, Mr. Anthony Hart, a singularly parsimonious character. He has secreted 1300 or 1400 guineas in or about his dwelling-house, and left no instructions for any person where to find them.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At Worcester, aged 90, Mrs. Langford.—Mrs. Scarlet.

At Tenbury, Mrs. Susannah Wood, a maiden lady, aged 72.

YORKSHIRE.

Died.] At Little Weeton, near Beverley, John Hudson, esq. in his 71st year.

At Pontefract, John Willot, esq.

At Eccleshill, near Bradford, Mrs. Scott, wife of Walter Scott, esq.

At York, Mr. James Nicholson, supposed to have been the best performer of his time in the kingdom on the pipe and tabor.

At Easingwold, Alex. Harper, gentleman and eminent conveyancer, aged 63.

At Rotherham, Mr. Hoyle, attorney, clerk to the proprietors of the Dun and Dearne and Dove navigation.

At Doncaster, Dr. Miller, upwards of 50 years organist at that place, aged 75. He was well known in the musical and literary circles, as a man of genius and integrity. His various publications were extremely popular. His psalms of David for the church of England were patronized by his majesty and the clergy, and went forth with a list of subscribers inferior only to that prefixed to Pope's Homer. Other works composed by him expressly for the dissenters promise to become the standard of singing in their respective societies.

WALES.

Married.] Iltid Nicholl, esq. of Ham, near Cambridge, to Miss Bond, of Usk, Monmouthshire.

At Carmarthen, Tho. Morris, esq. banker, to Miss Maria Thornton.

Died.] At Pon-y-Maes, Carmarthen-shire, Henry Lucas, esq. aged 73.

At Ty-Maur, near Denbigh, in his 55th year, Mr. Foulk Roberts, attorney.

Stephen Meire, esq. a justice of the peace for the county of Montgomery.

At Troy-house, near Monmouth, Lewis Richards, esq. many years a steward to the duke of Beaufort.

At Abergavenny, Mrs. Gabb, relict of James Gabb, esq.



Nº 1



Nº 2



Nº 3



Nº 4



Nº 5



Nº 6

See Page 117.



N^o 1

N^o 5



N^o 9



N^o 10